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CITY MAGAZINE

T U C S O N ♦ A R I Z O N A

FEBRUARY, 1988 \$1.95

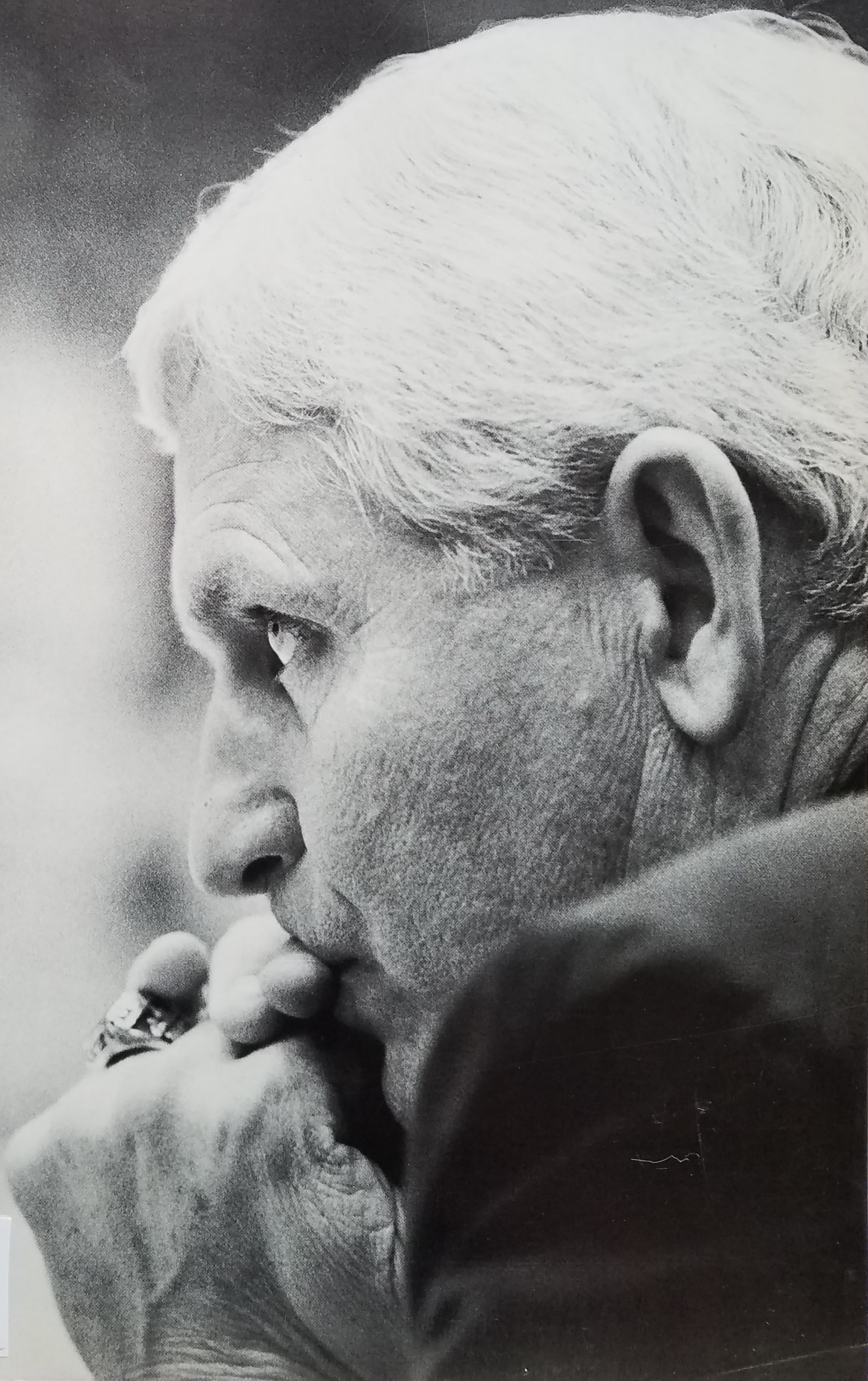
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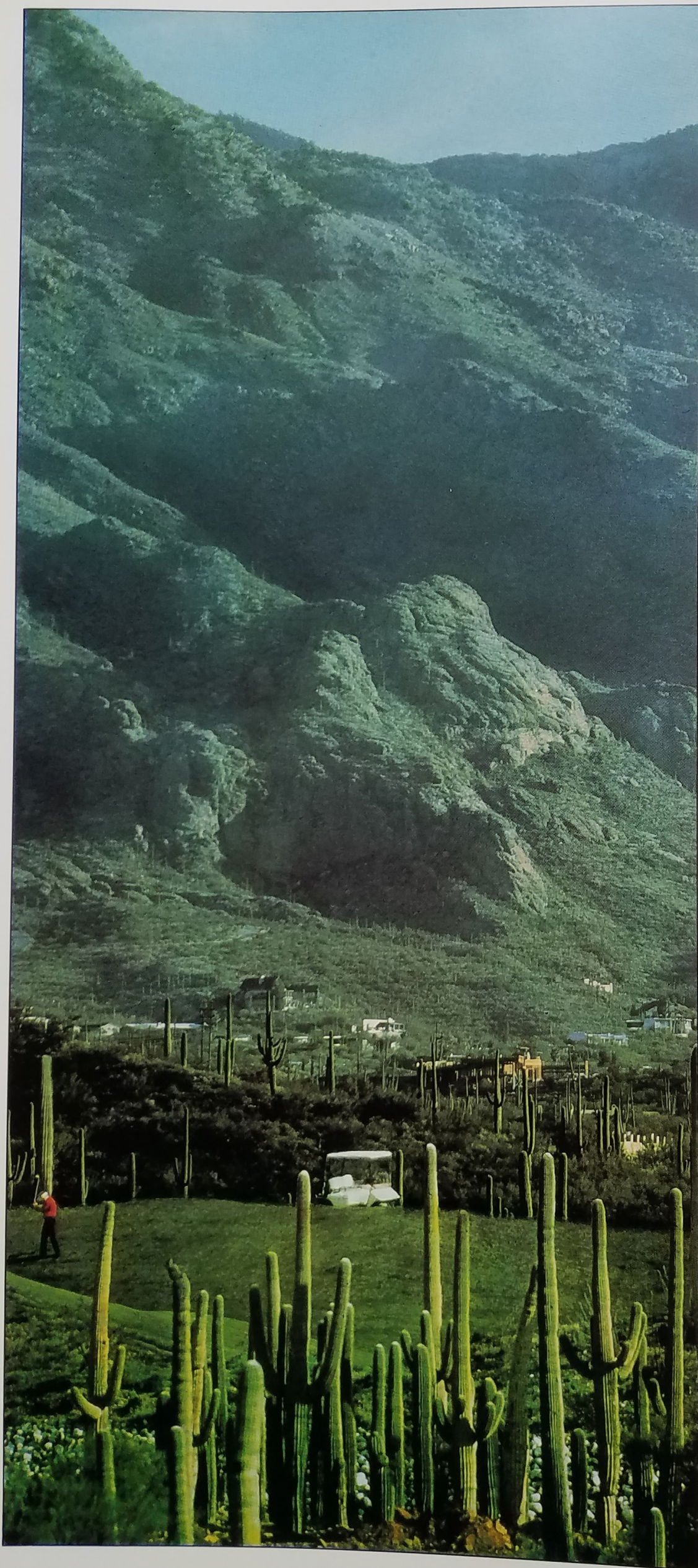
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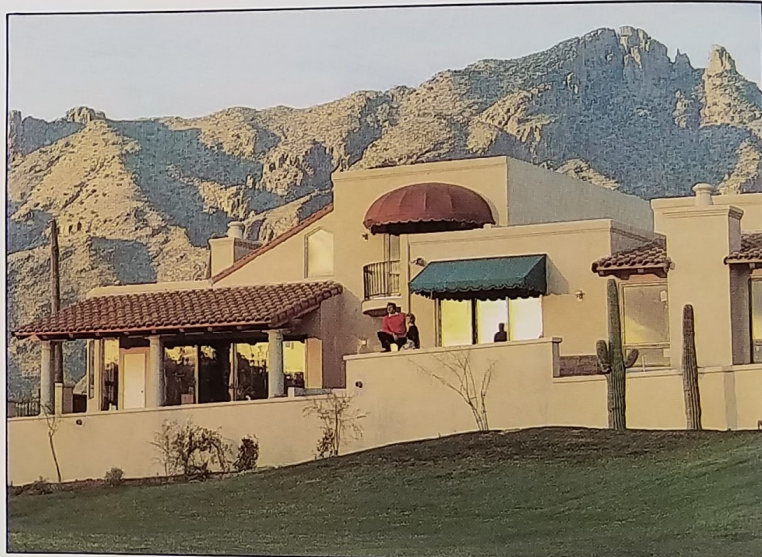
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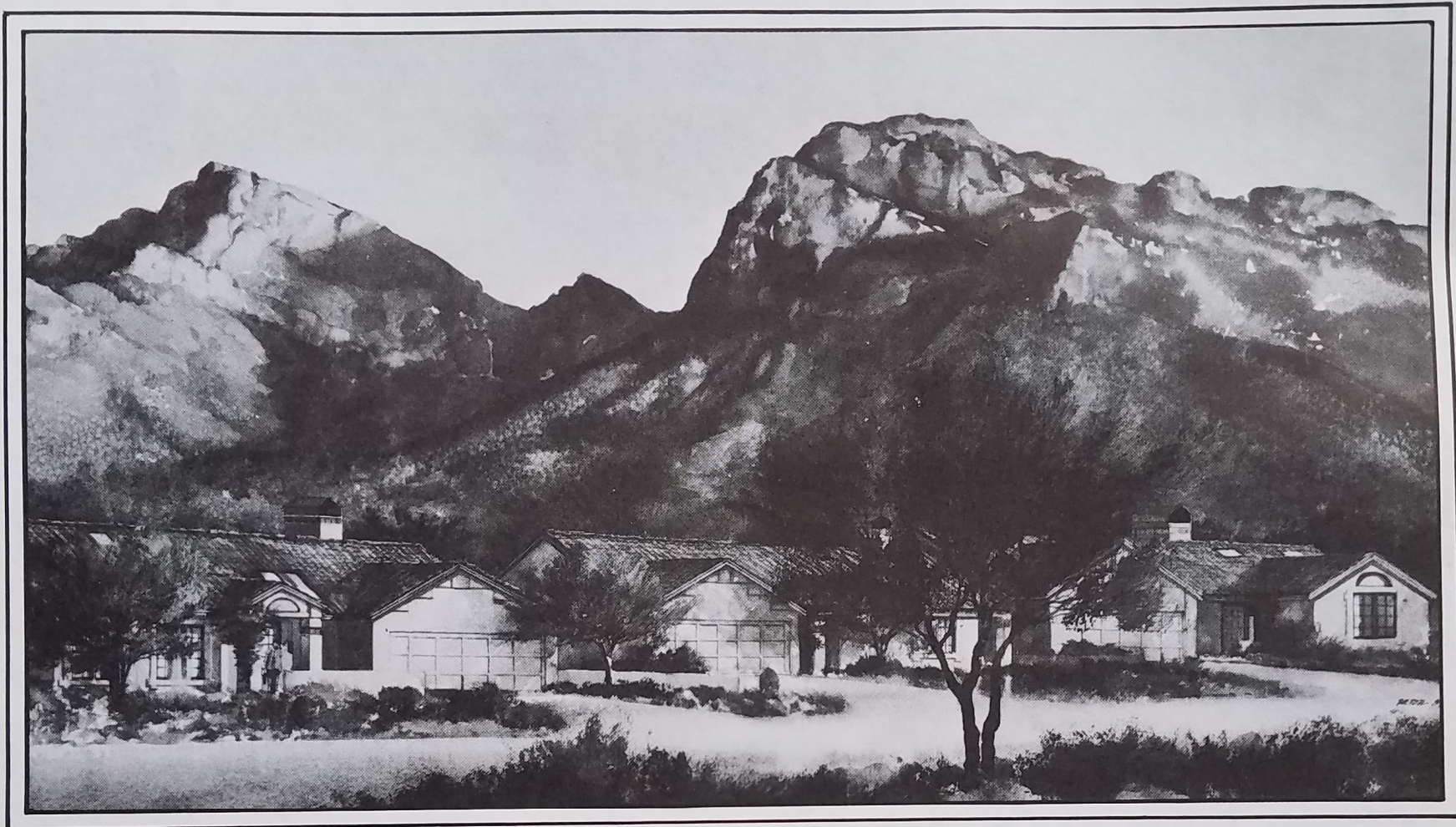
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CONTENTS



Photo by Jack Dykinga

- 4 Letters** *The Magnificent Bighorn and The Blob.*
- 7 Where to Howl** *Guide to good times and good things.*
- 11 Rand** *How to butcher Tucson.
By Rand Carlson.*
- 13 The Arts** *A new section on Kultur: What's wrong with Tucson theater; what's right with Tucson opera.*
- 23 Eat** *Eating Guaymas; food fights; and restaurant reviews.*
- 31 Desert Notes** *Still in Saigon; El Corrido de Tucson; and Hartburn.*
- 56 Video** *Ultimate gross out.
By Ken Nichols.*
- 60 Books** *Hypocrisy, ego and some pretty nice buildings.
By Lawrence W. Cheek.*
- 62 Byrd** *Disorganized citizens, unite.
Today! Or tomorrow, for sure...
By Byrd Baylor.*
- 64 Local Custom** *Gimme that old-time music.
By Jim Griffith.*
- 66 Outdoors** *The hill that changed Tucson.
By Dave Brown.*
- 68 One of Us** *Who is that guy in the UPS truck?*

Cover: Photograph by Tim Fuller.

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36 Tucson: A House on Fire

Pro-growth, no-growth—we're all out of date, and time's running out.

By Charles Bowden.

44 The Shooter at Ventana Canyon

Ted DeGrazia: Portrait of the artist—with a gun.

By Arturo Carrillo Strong.

46 Lute! Lute! Lute!

His hair is perfect, and the team ain't bad.

By Shannon Travis Stolkin.

53 Prodigal Polly

The parrots are back in Southern Arizona.

By Dave Brown.

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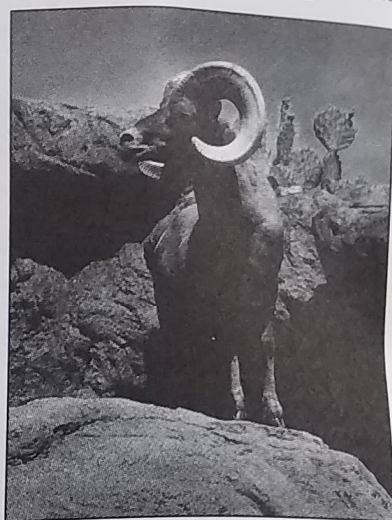
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LETTERS

The Magnificent Bighorn

This year in April my high school friend arrived in Tucson from Connecticut for her annual two-week vacation. The first thing she *had* to do was go to the Arizona Sonoran Desert Museum, to visit the most outstanding desert bighorn she had ever seen. An amateur photographer who visits zoos everywhere in the country and parts of Europe, my friend has been coming out here the past three years to see the Desert Museum. And the bighorn.



So many people all over the world loved that wonderful animal. Over the six years the bighorn stood on his famous rock platform, more than 2.4 million tourists saw him. The way he stood on the rock overlooking the whole park made me think he was definitely king of all the animals. Children would ooh and aah over his size and the way he climbed places no human could. I remember couples bringing their lunches, waiting for a bench with a view of his home.

The people of Tucson may never know the reason why several shots echoed in the night, and this massive bighorn fell to his death. Was it a trophy hunter or a strange cult that hacked and dismembered him, leaving the people who admired him a sorrowful mess to bury? I know he is where very loved bighorns go, but that doesn't help me from missing him.

Many organizations are trying to help find the bighorn's killers and bring them to justice. A reward of up to \$1,000 for information leading to arrest and indictment is being offered by 88-Crime. Donations are requested for a reward offered by Pima County Parklands Foundation, 1240 W. Silverlake, Tucson, 85713-2799. Make checks payable to "Reward Fund."

(Unsigned Letter)

Editor's Note: At our press time, no charges had been filed in the case.

Abbey's Blob Comes to Tucson

As my old friend Larry Powell should remember, when I wrote that piece called *The BLOB Comes to Arizona* (*NY Times Magazine*, 1977), I attached Tucson—as an integral part of the BLOB—to its big sister Phoenix. The two cities, in my mind, were and still are one and the same, a slimy, palpitating, smog-colored, greed-begotten, ever-expanding commercial-industrial MONSTER AMOEBA. Except for the shrinking stretch of Interstate between them, how tell one from the other?

As for this urbanizing organism eventually convulsing its bowels to produce another "great novel" (whatever that is), who cares? Not I. I would not sacrifice a single living mesquite tree for any book ever written. One square mile of living desert is worth a hundred "great books"—and one brave deed is worth a thousand.

Edward Abbey

Park Passions

It is refreshing and encouraging to read the well-presented articles concerning "our world" in a publication such as *City Magazine*.

"The Last Creek" (Ron Steffens), "Park Politics" (Norma Coile) and "City Parks" (Tom Dollar)—December 1987—are outstanding contributions to the on-going plea to save, and/or create, necessary natural areas available to all people.

Those of us who know that in order for humans to enjoy life in its fullest measure some relationship to the natural environment must be available, do appreciate your providing such thinking—which just may lead to needed action.

Mildred Ulrich
President, Arizona Federation of Garden Clubs

Are We Highest? No!

I read with interest your article on the controversial issue of the purchase of the Empire/Cienega Ranch area in your December issue. I know it is difficult to verify those statements made by individuals who are supposed to have factual

information, but one very erroneous comment [attributed to Supervisor Ed Moore] stated as fact must be cleared up—that “we owe more money per capita than any other county in the country for bonds.”

The fact is that as of July 1987, Pima County was ranked sixteenth in the country in longterm debt per capita. This data was compiled by *City and State Magazine* in their annual coverage of the top fifty counties ranked by all fund revenues that they raise. The December issue of *City and State Magazine* also listed the top fifty cities, and Tucson ranks thirty-first in longterm debt per capita. The county with the highest debt per capita was Prince George, Maryland, and their debt per capita was \$1,446, compared to Pima County's \$419. The city with the highest debt per capita was Nashville, Tennessee, at \$2,755 compared to Tucson's \$443.

Sincerely,
Iris O. Dewhurst
Supervisor, District 1

And That Road's Already Scary as Hell

Dear Iggy,

In contrast to the series of chills supplied by U.S. Congress' shenanigans, *City Magazine's* stories about the place we love have been most heartwarming.

Question: Are you keeping a sleepy eye on the Transportation Dept., and its plan to put more cement and less desert at the front door of your office?

Charlotte M. Link

Another Satisfied Customer

“Native's point of view?” Baloney. I would never consider subscribing to your trendy, boring, yuppie attempt at commercialism!

(Unsigned)

Hoop Cats, Ice Cats—Now Iggy Cats

Double congratulations. First, on a very enjoyable publication, and second, on your generous support of the University's (Alumni Association) scholarship funds (through a subscription offer to association members).

Virginia C. Roberts

Cheap Shots

Attention: Norma Coile. Finished reading your article re Rose Mofford—for the most part it was healthy. However, you took a few cheap shots at people. Hope you never have to wear a “cheap rug,” as you called Ev Mecham's, for whatever reason—baldness, loss of hair as a result of illness, chemotherapy, etc.

Gov. Mecham was called to task for some comments he made—you're no better.

“A Reader”

Editor's Note: In excerpting a sample of party services listed in the book *Catering to Tucson*, we inadvertently printed some misinformation in our December issue, according to caterer Lindsay Hirsch. He says he is primarily a chef who will cook, serve and even clean up the kitchen afterwards for parties of five to fifty-five guests at your home. His fare ranges from ethnic Chinese to classic French, with Italian and “good basic Southwest” among his specialties. His phone number is 623-6501.

We like to hear from you, but please keep it short. We reserve the right to edit letters, which must be signed (although we arbitrarily break our own rule on that from time to time). Also include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to: *City Magazine*, 1050 E. River Road, Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.



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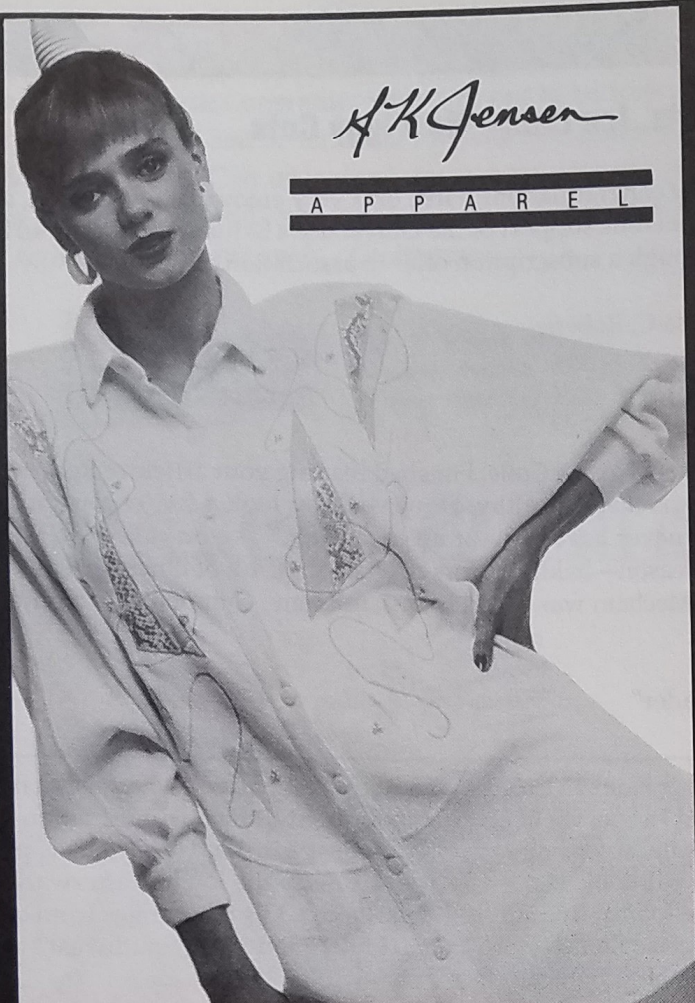
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HOWDY



Howdy,

This is the month our town abandons machines for a few hours and converts downtown into organic roadways. We call it the Rodeo Parade because we're poets at heart—also, we like to shovel.

As an actual beast behind the wheel, I'm kinda glad for these moments when everything slows down to the pace of a healthy iguana. What puzzles my lizard brain is why we celebrate getting out of cars for a few hours and then lock ourselves back in them for the rest of the year.

You'd think this town was a front for Detroit. I myself can't make it down to a nearby saloon without dragging four thousand pounds of steel and rubber along.

We've got more parking spaces than folks we'd ever want to park with. On a clear day, we all roar down to meetings and puzzle out how we can build more freeways than L.A. but still not wind up like La La Land. Naturally, there is a city or county planner skulking somewhere just ready to tell me that horses are not the solution to the Rush Hour—but think of the huge tomatoes we could grow!

Well, what is the solution?

I stagger through the brown crud we call air, line up at red lights, blast my vegetarian ears with Aretha Franklin and I think, "Who's zooming who?" A hundred years ago, we were proud to go slow, saddle up and see the sights. Now we create an annual traffic jam trying to catch a glimpse of the way we were. Whoever named *homo sapiens* had a helluva sense of humor, or had never asked an iguana the time of day.

Iggy

P.S. This month Molly McKasson joins the staff as the editor of our monthly Art section. I have beseeched her to keep track of all the local creative ferment. And to bop 'til she drops. Welcome aboard, Molly.

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1930 East Grant Road, at Campbell. 325-5767.

WHERE TO

HOWL

TUCSON'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HAPPENING

Up, Up and Away Feb. 20, 21

Eighty hot air balloons in a rainbow of colors fly the Tucson skies, including some odd and mysteriously shaped creations. One of the big fiestas of the year for balloon addicts. Get a stiff neck while taking great pictures. The hare and hound race launches the event, but it's too complicated to explain, so just be there. Over 60 concessions—food, gifts, souvenirs and games. Numerous fund-raising events benefit the Tucson Medical Center's Children's Fund. Midvale Park, I-19 and Valencia at 5:30 a.m. (yes, you read that right). Free. Info, 578-3082 or 790-0191.

Chocolate Gourmands Feb. 21

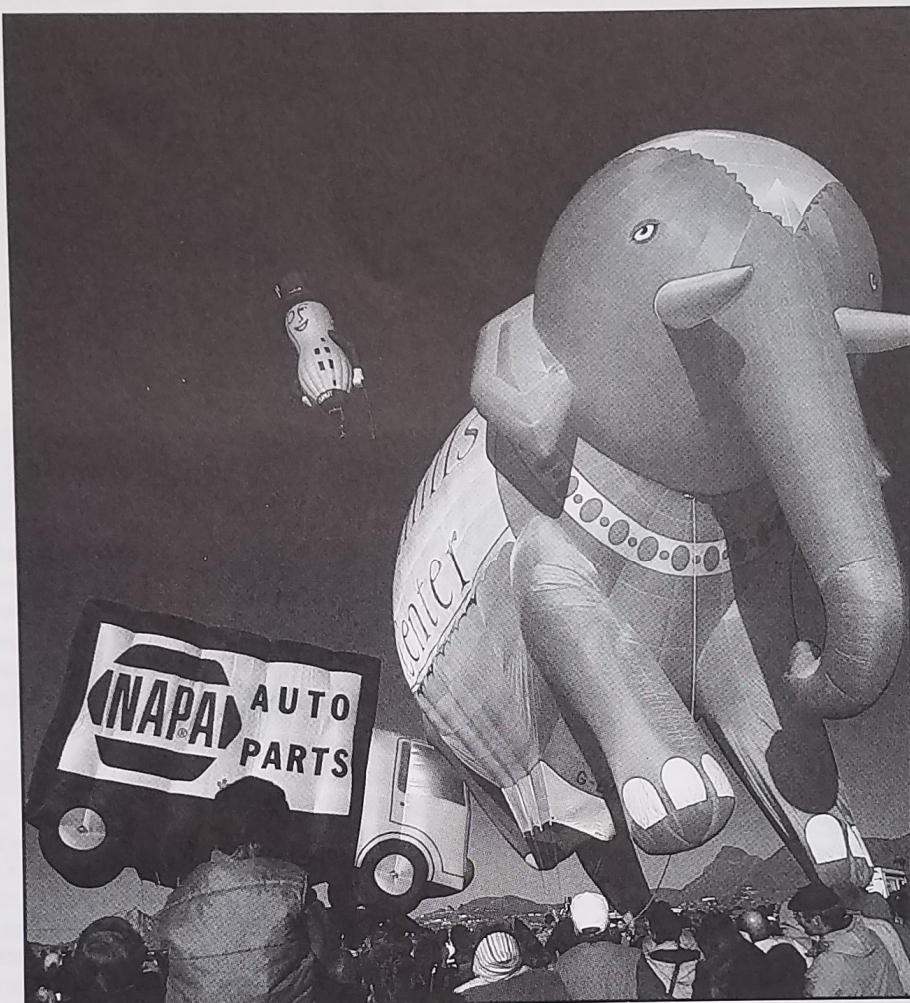
All chocolate freaks swear off the stuff at least once a year. But this is not the time for resolutions. Spend a day gorging yourself on the finest candies, cakes, and other things that have been outlawed by O.A., Weight Watchers and doctors. Tucson's gourmet caterers and confectioners, restaurants and bakeries are staging the 5th annual "A Taste of Chocolate." Great if you're feeling depressed. The sugar will wash away your blues—for a couple of hours anyway. Hilton East Hotel, 7600 E. Broadway, from 2-4 p.m. Limited number of tickets available at the door—15 bucks a pop. Proceeds to benefit Arizona Right to Choose, an affiliate of the National Abortion Rights Action League. Info, 326-5505 or 297-5816.

Gem and Mineral Show Feb. 11-14

This is *the* gem and mineral show. Hundreds of dealers selling thousands of rocks, minerals and gems. A couple of years back, some lucky Texan scored big with a sapphire he acquired from a Utah dealer for 10 bucks. It was appraised at a cool 2 million. The chances of history repeating itself falls in the realm of scoring in the lottery, so if you're a bettin' man or woman, hold your breath and pay. The biggest gem and mineral show in the world, featuring top-draw exhibits from big, urban museums. Don't miss: Feb. 11-13, 10 a.m.-8 p.m.; Feb. 14, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. TCC. \$2 adm. Children under 14 free with paying adult. 791-4101.

Wacky Tubacky Feb. 6-14

Tubac's 29th-annual arts and crafts festival. It's their community happening of the year and attracts local and national artists plus a flock of snowbirds to keep business lively. In addition to art, there are



Tucson Balloon Festival

other homemade creations (ranging from antiques to chili peppers to handcrafted furniture and more) and a multitude of ethnic goodies that line the streets. Times have changed: Most of the roads are now paved, but there's still plenty of old adobe. Don't forget to walk through the roads that are still dusty—offbeat shops in the old section. Approx. 60 miles south of Tucson on I-19. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. daily. 1-398-9155.

Way Down Deep Massage Feb. 18

You've heard about it and probably flinched. But the technique of rolfing (very deep muscle massage designed to release painful past emotional experiences) is intriguing. If you're adventuresome and interested in rolfing and personal growth, Dan Matarazzo, certified rolfer, will separate fact from friction. 7 p.m. at the Desert Institute of the Healing Arts. 639 N. 6th Ave. Free. Info, 882-0899.

Instant Native Feb. 5-7

Old Town Artisans presents the 7th-annual Indian Arts Benefit Fair, an exclusive

Native American Indian show and sale of their wares: jewelry, pots, rugs and more. Meet the craftsman who made what you buy. No dealers are involved and all participants donate their booth fee and a percentage of their sales to the Indian Arts Scholarship Fund. Fri. and Sat., 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 186. N. Meyer at Telles St. Free. Info, 628-9396.

TMTA Feb. 20

The Tucson Music Teachers Association Piano Ensemble presents the 35th anniversary concert, directed by Dr. James Anthony. Watch 330 children playing literature from various periods of music history on 10 baby grand pianos. See who our future musical geniuses are. Free in UA Centennial Hall at 8 p.m. Info, 327-2459.

Tucson on Parade Feb. 25

Hear the clunk of hooves, the sounds of local marching bands, see buggies full of pretty people and cherubic looking kids.

And there's food—plenty of it. This is our local institution, and the world's (yep) largest nonmechanized parade. Lasts a touch shy of 3 hours. Starting point at 13th St. and South Sixth Avenue. 9 a.m. but get downtown early or you'll feel like a sardine in a flat can. Info, 791-4322 for route.

Fiesta de Los Vaqueros Feb. 25-28

Those who live by the flesh get thrown by it, too. These cowboys and cowgirls are lean and tough—they ride bulls, get thrown on the hard ground and break bones to make people happy. Events include the daredevil ride, bareback, saddle bronc, bulls, team roping, steer wrestling, women's barrel racing and calf roping. The biggest outdoor mid-winter rodeo in America. Tucson Rodeo Grounds. 4801 S. Sixth Ave. Info on times and ticket prices, 792-2283.

Great Performance Series Feb. 22

The late, legendary Woody Herman teams up with Grammy-winning classical superstar Richard Stoltzman in an evening entitled "Woody Herman and the Thundering Herd with Richard Stoltzman." Celebrate Woody's 50th anniversary as a band leader. Mixture of jazz standards, original tunes and Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto," written just for Woody and now played by Stoltzman. The past merges with the present in this show at 8 p.m. in UA Centennial Hall. Tickets, \$17, \$14, \$12. Info, 621-3341.

Conquer Cancer Feb. 13

Get off your rear and climb the paved road to the top of "A" Mountain to help in the fight to rid the world of cancer. Don't worry, they'll shuttle you back down to El Presidio Park to enjoy food and entertainment. Sponsored by the American Cancer Society. Further info, 790-2600.

City Magazine Calendar

Iggy says to remind you he wants you and your special events in the Where To Howl section of *City Mag*. But in order to accommodate you, he needs all info (that means dates, times, addresses, admission charges, bizarre specifics and so forth) in writing 6 weeks prior to the first of the month. Please mail to: Calendar Editor, City Magazine, 1050 E. River Rd. #200. Tucson, AZ, 85718. 293-1801.

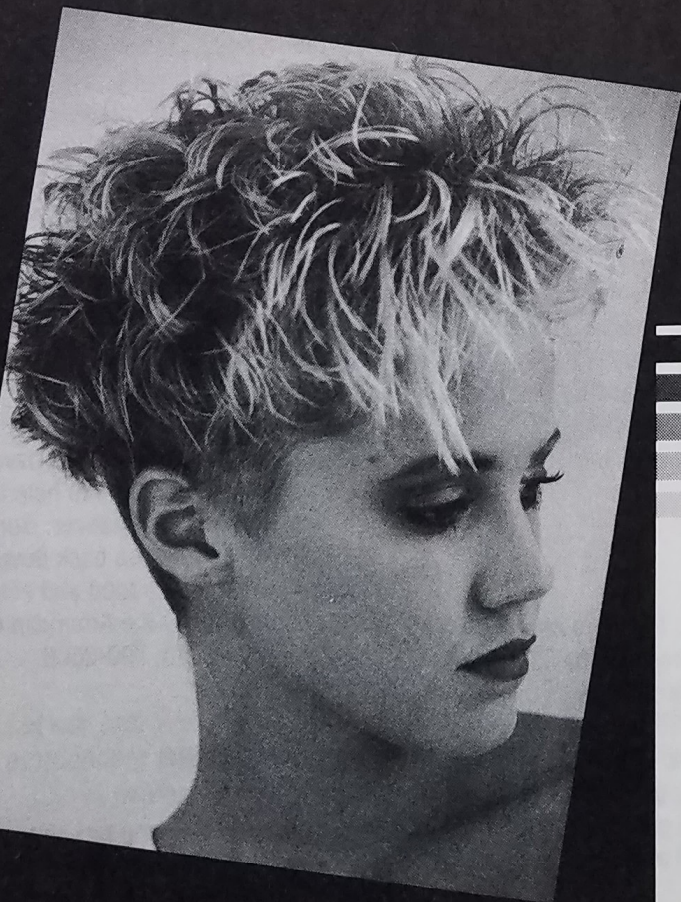
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WHERE TO HOWL

HEAD SHOP

Faculty Lecture Series Feb. 2

Thomas Burks II, Associate Dean in Research-Pharmacology, talks about "Medical Research: The Future is Now." It sounds generic enough, but what does it mean? Head toward the UA Arizona Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium, Room 2600, at 7:30 p.m. Question and answer follows. Free. Info, 621-1856.

Greenhorn Thumbs Feb. 4

Are you a neophyte in the garden? Take a guided tour of the Tucson Botanical Gardens from 9-11 a.m. and get to know our desert's unique and often peculiar flora. Find out how you can produce the healthiest greens your garden can bear. Admission \$1. 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Demystifying Macrobiotics Feb. 4

If you've been chewing your way to health through a garden of steamed veggies and enough brown rice to fill a stadium, this forum's for you. Learn the latest on macrobiotics. What is it? A diet? A fad? Or a lifestyle that will zap you straight in line with the harmonic convergence? Suzanne Lovejoy, Holistic Health Counselor at Tucson Clinic of Holistic Health, explains all. 7 p.m. Desert Institute of the Healing Arts. 639 N. 6th Ave. Free. Info, 882-0899.

Memory of Birds Feb. 8

A slide-illustrated discussion on memory in jays and nutcrackers by Dr. Russell Balda. Sponsored by the Tucson Audubon Society at 7:30 p.m. in UA Harvill Auditorium. Free. Info, 629-0510.

Desert Laboratory Seminar Series Feb. 8

Fred M. Philips, New Mexico Institute of Mining and Technology, speaks on lakes and glacier paleohydrology of Eastern California during the last 2 million years. UA Bio Sciences West at 4 p.m. Info, 621-3603.

We Are the World Feb. 14

The World Geographic Soci-

ety, Inc., presents another of six color film stories in its annual travel adventure series. Tired of your backyard? Just amble over to TCC Music Hall at 2:30 p.m. and listen to Robin Williams (no, not *that* one) explain "Amadeus, A Traveler in Italy." Mozart supplies the music, Williams narrates picturesque scenery of Verona, Mantua, Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice and the Italian Lakes. Season tickets (six forums) \$22.50. Single ticket info, 326-7577.

Latin America Art Collectors Series Feb. 21

A presentation given by a specialist (unknown at presstime) on collecting Spanish Colonial and Latin American art. Followed by an opportunity for collectors to have their items examined for date determination, authenticity, et al. Tucson Museum of Art. 140 N. Main Ave. Call for time and additional info. 624-2333.

Naturally Healing Feb. 27, 28

The Desert Institute of the Healing Arts is sponsoring a workshop on medicinal herbs of the Southwest. Throw away your garlic necklace and find out some local desert remedies. 9 a.m.-noon. Pre-registration fee \$30. Late: \$35. 639 N. 6th Ave. Info, 882-0899.

Life Enrichment Series Feb. 4, 11, 18, 25

Tucson Medical Center hands out hints in its continued quest to keep or get you in good health. Feb. 4, Betty Hasuikie Young, M.S., R.Ph. (TMC pharmacologist), talks about advances in heart medication used to treat a variety of conditions; Feb. 11, Val Crain, R.N., discusses the silent killer, high blood pressure—how you get it and the numerous factors that influence it. Feb. 18, Sherri Kendall, TMC dietician, gives tips on preventing heart disease through diet, and on Feb. 25, Doris Gooden, R.N., will explain how laughter affects your life and reduces stress. After all the above seminars, rent a Marx Brothers tape. All lectures at Sheraton El Conquistador at 7:30 p.m. Free. Info, 327-5461, ext. 5070.

Women's Roundtable Feb. 9

Jacqueline Stockel, R.N., B.S.N., and Brenda Carle R.N., B.S.N., discuss the effects of nutrition, birth control pills, hormones, smoking and prolapsed mitral valve in

women's hearts. At 7 p.m. in the Radisson Suite Hotel, Speedway and Wilmot. Members \$5; \$10 general. Info, 299-6626.

Lower Cholesterol Feb. 9

Recent reports suggest every one over twenty should get a cholesterol count. Have you had yours? Mary Picchioni, M.S., R.D., will lecture on ways to keep blood cholesterol down through diet and exercise, and explain why it's important to have a normal cholesterol level. Free, but pre-registration required. Sponsored by Maxicare, 6565 E. Carondelet Drive, from 6-7 p.m. Registration, 721-5531.

EVENTS

Arabian Workout Feb. 4-6

The blood never gets bluer than in the annual Arabian action horse show. Graceful steeds compete in cutting stock, working and western pleasure for thousands in prize money at 8 a.m. Pima County Fairgrounds. As an investment, this stock won't plummet. Free. Info, 624-1013 or 326-1515.

Chromed Creations: World of Wheels Feb. 5-7

Face it. We hardly walk anymore (unless ordered to by our doctors) because our cars are our best friends—we'll spare you the sociological reasons. This World of Wheels show has something for everyone—flashy stretch limos, antiques, low-riders and bucking 4-wheelers. All waxed and cherried for you to ooh and ahh over. Your ticket to your favorite decade and daydream. TCC. Adm. charge. Info, 791-4101.

Valentines for Seniors Feb. 4-7

Annual display of children's handmade valentines that are distributed citywide to senior citizens. Lots of love and crayons on view in Center Court at Park Mall. Regular mall hours. Info, 747-7575.

Classical Tunes Feb. 7

As part of the Eastside Artist Series, classical guitarist

Ismael Barajas performs at 3 p.m. in Christ Church United Methodist. 655 N. Craycroft. Adm. charge. Further info, 327-1116.

UA Basketball Feb. 11, 14

Only two games at home this month and the Wildcats are steaming. Feb. 11 at 7:05 p.m., the Cats take on Oregon at McKale; Feb. 14, Oregon State will have to do more than pray. Tipoff at 4:05 p.m. Nothing beats the squeal of sneakers bopping across hardwood—especially when Lute and the Cats are on a streak. Warning: You may have to sell your firstborn to a scalper to get a ticket. Info, 621-4163.

Collectors Items Feb. 12-14

It takes the patience of a Zen Master to create this classy artwork. Visit the Westin La Paloma and treat yourself to the fourth annual Navajo rug show and sale. Old and new items. You be the judge whether older is better in handcrafted rugs, fine jewelry, silver and beads. Just in time for Valentine's Day. Info, 325-6883.

Make Your Day Feb. 13

You can buy, sell, swap, or haggle a good bargain on guns, knives and other western items your urban mind conjures up at this gun show. Take the drive to where real cowboys still live. In Douglas, AZ. Further info, 1-364-8339.

Mardi Gras, Foothills Style Feb. 13

Come in full costume to a Mardi Gras party with plenty of music and food in the Foothills Center Lobby. Sponsored by Salpointe High School. 7 p.m. Adm. charge. Further info, 327-6581.

Show of Arms Feb. 13, 14

Big boys and girls of the Wild West are buying, selling, trading and collecting guns. Enough weaponry to start a war—modern, antiques and military styles available with gun safety and education stressed. Food and drink available. Sat. 8 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Sponsored by the Arizona Arms Association. Adm. charge. Pima County Fairgrounds. Info, 624-1013 or 883-6787.

Fickle Fashion Feb. 13

DansWest, Tucson Dance Academy, is sponsoring its

2nd Annual Fashion Show at the Hilton East, 7600 E. Broadway. At presstime, this was all the information we had. Could be anything from tutus to haute couture. Info, 886-9155.

Acrobatic Maneuvers Feb. 13-15

Kurt Thomas, America's Olympic gymnastic prince, performs in "Gymnastics America," a 30-minute, fast-paced, entertaining show and exhibition with a cast of 7 professional, world-class gymnasts. They'll combine athletics and comedy, choreographed to original music and dance. Three shows daily at Old Tucson. Ticket range \$7.95-\$4.50. Info on times, 883-6457.

Ancient Love Feb. 14

Tucson Botanical Gardens is having a Valentine's Day tour—exploring ancient love lore and the hidden language of flowers. "Why do roses mean love while daffodils signal vanity?" Stroll the romantic paths and past to find out. 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. Admission \$1. 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Arizona Composers Forum Feb. 14

Tucson composer Patrich Neher is the featured artist, performing original music. Made possible by the Arizona Commission on the Arts in conjunction with T/PAC. Sun., 2 p.m., lower level at Tucson Museum of Art, free with museum adm. Main galleries, \$2 adults, \$1 seniors, students. Children free. Info, 624-2333. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 1 p.m.-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

Feisty Fiddlers Feb. 21

Start up rodeo week with the annual fiddler's and beard-growing contests. If you think your beard is long enough to get an honorable mention, they're awarding trophies. The clean-shaven can listen to authentic American music. Sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation. Held at Armory Park, 220 S. Sixth Ave. 12:30 p.m. Free. Info, 791-4079.

Cheap Books Feb. 21-28

Where else for 50 cents can you find a book with several chapters devoted to a debate on whether non-Riemannian hyper squares exist? Only at

the Friends of the Tucson Public Library annual book sale. Get here early for a good selection. Donated books can be dropped off at any Tucson Public Library branch, so clear off your dusty shelves and spread some knowledge around. To volunteer to help, call the Main Library at 791-4393. El Con—regular mall hours. *Please, please* call first. At presstime, they hadn't received final approval on the dates. Info, 325-1055.

Designer Showcase Gala Feb. 23-Mar. 20

Rags to riches theme fundraiser for the Tucson Museum of Art. Visit a stately old home, completely remodeled by the hands of Tucson's top interior designers, and lunch on food catered by The Main Dish (served Tues.-Sat. from 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.). A silent auction will be conducted daily; informal modeling during lunch hours by local boutiques. The fundraiser's big opening gala is held on Feb. 20 so get dressed to the 9's and keep your checkbook handy. 45 N. Camino Espanol. For specifics, call 795-1109.

Circus Royale Feb. 26

Acrobats, magicians, clowns and others entertain everyone in a world-class circus complete with elephants, tigers and other animals no circus could do without. UA Centennial Hall at 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Adm. charge. Info, 621-1877.

Pitchin' Shoes at Old Pueblo Special Feb. 6

Watch the boys (and girls) flaunt throwing arms in a fierce game of horseshoes. Trophies awarded. South side of Reid Park. Sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation. Get info on joining the pitchers' association. 9 a.m. Info, 575-8807 or 298-6088.

Desert Exercise Through Feb.

Tours of the Tucson Botanical Gardens are given every Saturday and Sunday throughout the month at 12:30 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. Adm. charge, \$1; children under 12 free. Get a bird's-eye view of a tropical greenhouse, fresh-smelling herb garden and Indian crops. 2150 N. Alvernon. Info, 326-9255.

The Coffee Generation Through Feb.

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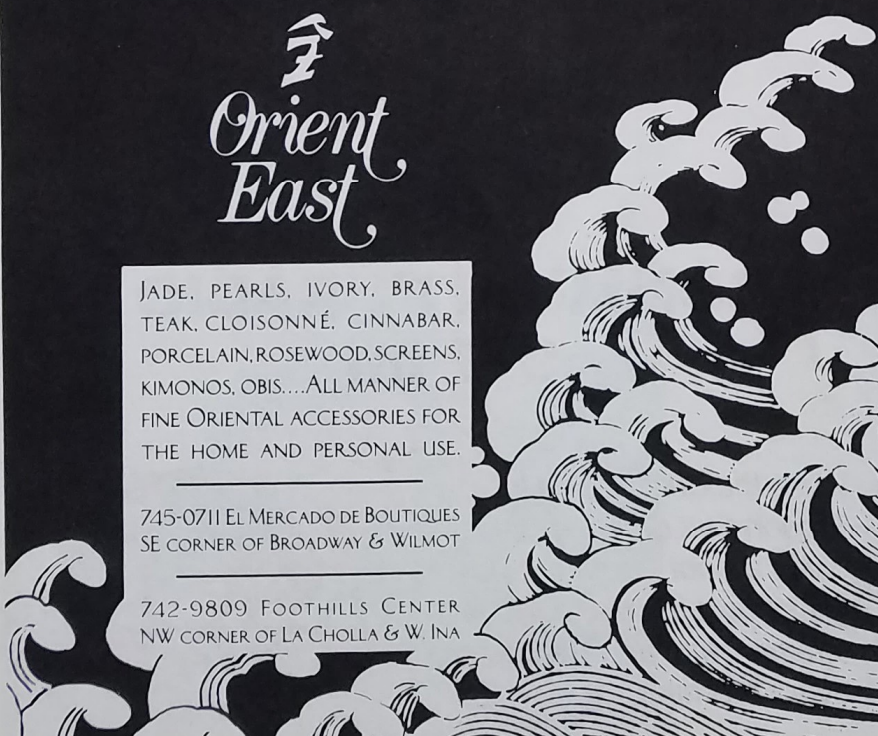
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Sunday and get wired or mellow (your choice) listening to Daryl Hinson on classical guitar. Same goes for Tuesdays, when this upscale coffeehouse presents Hackensack's mainstream jazz. Shows start at 7:30 p.m. at their new location (it's as large as a supermarket). 2830 N. Campbell. Info, 881-8070.

This Bug's for You Through February

The Sonoran Arthropod Studies, Inc., museum has a new exhibit on "Ants, Bees and Fun Things to See." A busy bee colony along with 8 ant colonies give you the opportunity to observe social insects. Beetles, scorpions, tadpole shrimp and a centipede (the things you dream about putting in your brother's bed) are also on display. And if you're a computer whiz, play the game that enables you to test your insect identification skills. Definitely a must as a first date. 2437 N. Stone Ave. Adm. \$1. Thurs., Fri., Sat. Noon-5 p.m. Further info, 884-7274.

Support for Arthritis Through Feb.

Tucson General Hospital sponsors an arthritis support group for those on the plus side of 50. The purpose is to share experiences, meet people and hear helpful presentations by hospital staff. Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month at 1 p.m. in the Tucson Room, 3838 N. Campbell. Free. Info, 323-4319.

Answers for Women Through Feb.

Want a new career? Want a career at all? Stop wanting and get going. The Women Helping Women program, sponsored by the YWCA, offers a push in the form of half-hour individual counseling sessions every Thursday from 5:30-7 p.m. at 738 N. Fifth Ave. Nominal charge of \$10, legal counseling \$5. All instructors are accredited counselors or attorneys. Info, 884-7810 or 296-1285.

Flash Flying Through May 8

Described as a cinema-360-degree film, "Flyers" fills the planetarium with the sounds and sights of aerial stunt flying that only adrenaline junkies dare attempt. If you gag at heights, speed or the sensations of impending death, take some Dramamine

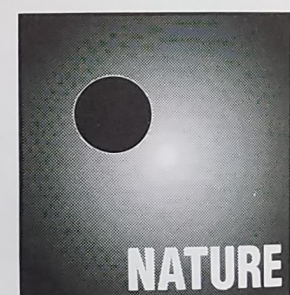
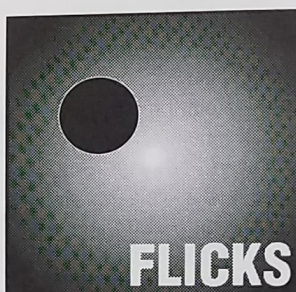
first. In UA Flandrau Auditorium. Adm. \$3.50 adults; \$2.75 seniors, students, children. Info on times, 621-STAR.

Women and Wheels Through May

"The Lady Takes the Wheel: Arizona Women on the Road" is the Arizona Historical Society's newest exhibit, a photo essay on women and cars from the turn of the century through the '50s. See how the images were used not only to promote the idea of women driving cars, but also to sell cars (to men). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sunday, noon-4 p.m. Free. Info, 628-5774.

UA German Film Series Feb. 4, 18

Feb. 4, "Der Tod der Maria Malibran" translates to "The Death of Maria Malibran" (1972), about a famous 19th-century singer who was unable to withstand the pressures of career and society. Starring Magdalena Montezuma, Manuela Riva and Candy Darling. Directed by Werner Schroeter. German with English subtitles. Feb. 18, "Der Kongreß tanzt" means "Congress Dances" (1931), a musical made during the final days of the Weimar Republic, concerns the love affair of Czar Alexander with a servant girl during the Congress of Vienna in 1814. Starring Lilian Harvey, Willy Fritsch, Conrad Veidt and Lil Dagover. Directed by Erich Charell. In the mother tongue. Made possible in part through the support of Robert Hall Travel. UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Info, 621-7388.



Classic Film Series

Feb. 1, 2 presents "Sunset Boulevard" (1950). May be Billy Wilder's best. A darkly satiric look at Hollywood starring William Holden, Gloria Swanson and a slew of other legends, including Buster Keaton, Erich von Stroheim, Cecil B. DeMille; Feb. 8, 9 the white screen darkens with "Sunrise—A Song of Two Humans" (1927), the story of two rural innocents who are subjected to the temptations of the big city. George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor head the cast; Feb. 22, 23 "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), Preston Sturges' romping look at American small-town morals and wartime romances, stars Eddie Bracken and Betty Hutton; Feb. 29, Mar. 1 rounds out the month with "In The Heat of The Night" (1967), a 5-Oscar winner (including Best Picture) about the friendship that develops between a visiting big-city black cop and a small-town white Southern sheriff and the murder case they solve together. Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger. UA Modern Languages Auditorium on Mon. at 5:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.; Tues. at 7:30 p.m. Adm. \$1.75 general; \$1.50 student; 50 cents children under 13. Info, 621-3282.

Aravaipa Canyon

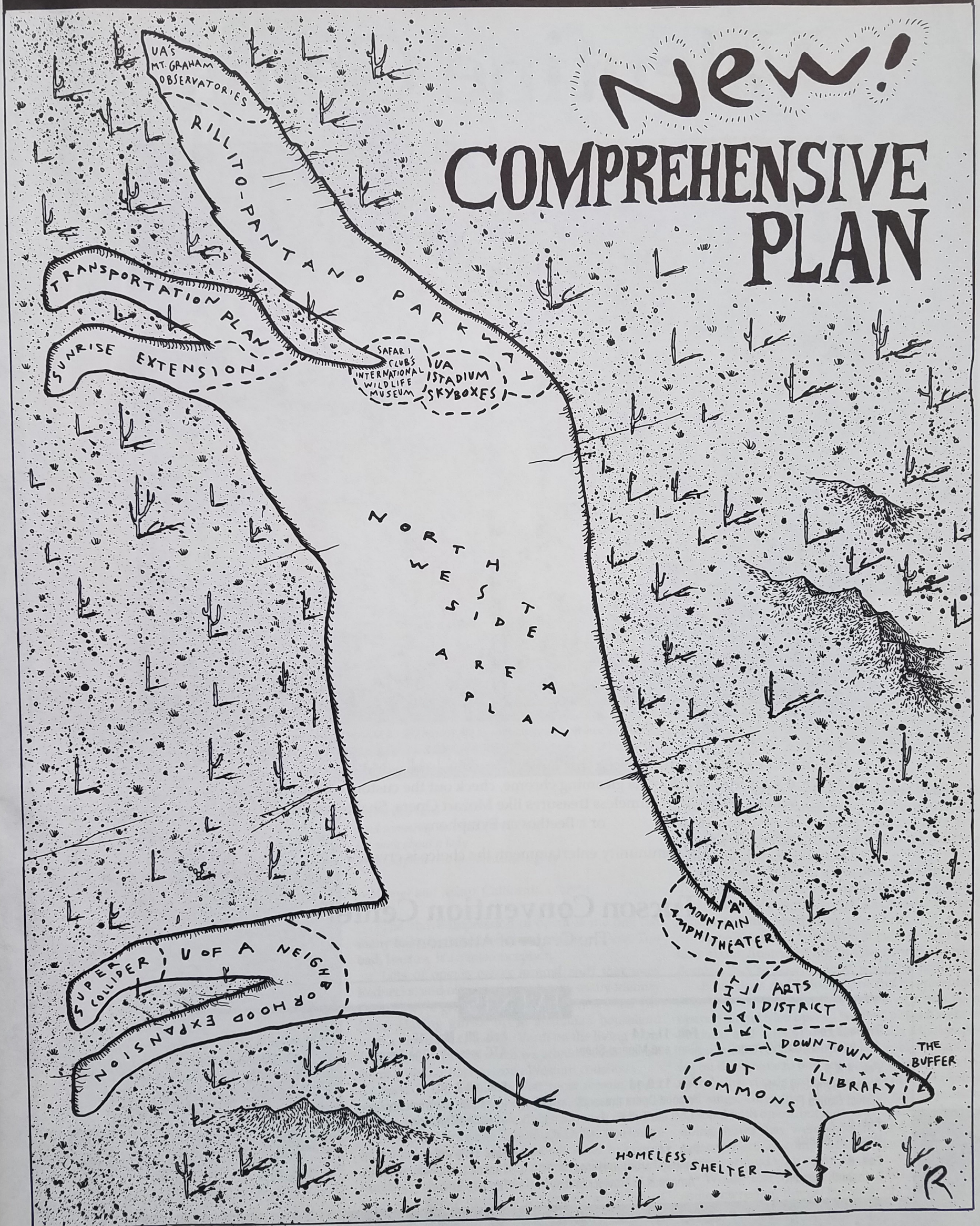
This canyon offers tall cliffs and streams, and is a habitat for a large number of fish. The middle part of the canyon is owned by the BLM and you need a permit to enter (428-4040). Bundle up, bring a friend and get into the wilderness for a day. A.k.a. Arizona's miniature Grand Canyon. From Tucson, take U.S. Highway 89 north to State Route 77 at Oracle Junction; travel State Route 77 ten miles north of Mammoth; turn right (east) on the dirt road marked "Aravaipa Road," and drive eleven miles to the Defenders entrance at Wood Ranch.

Muleshoe Ranch Preserve

This 56,000-acre preserve, just north of Benson in the Galiuro Mountains, was purchased by The Nature Conservancy in 1982 to protect three desert streams and the fish that swim in them. It's the 3rd largest Conservancy preserve in the U.S. During spring and fall there are camping trips, but you can visit anytime. Call prior to visit. 384-2626.

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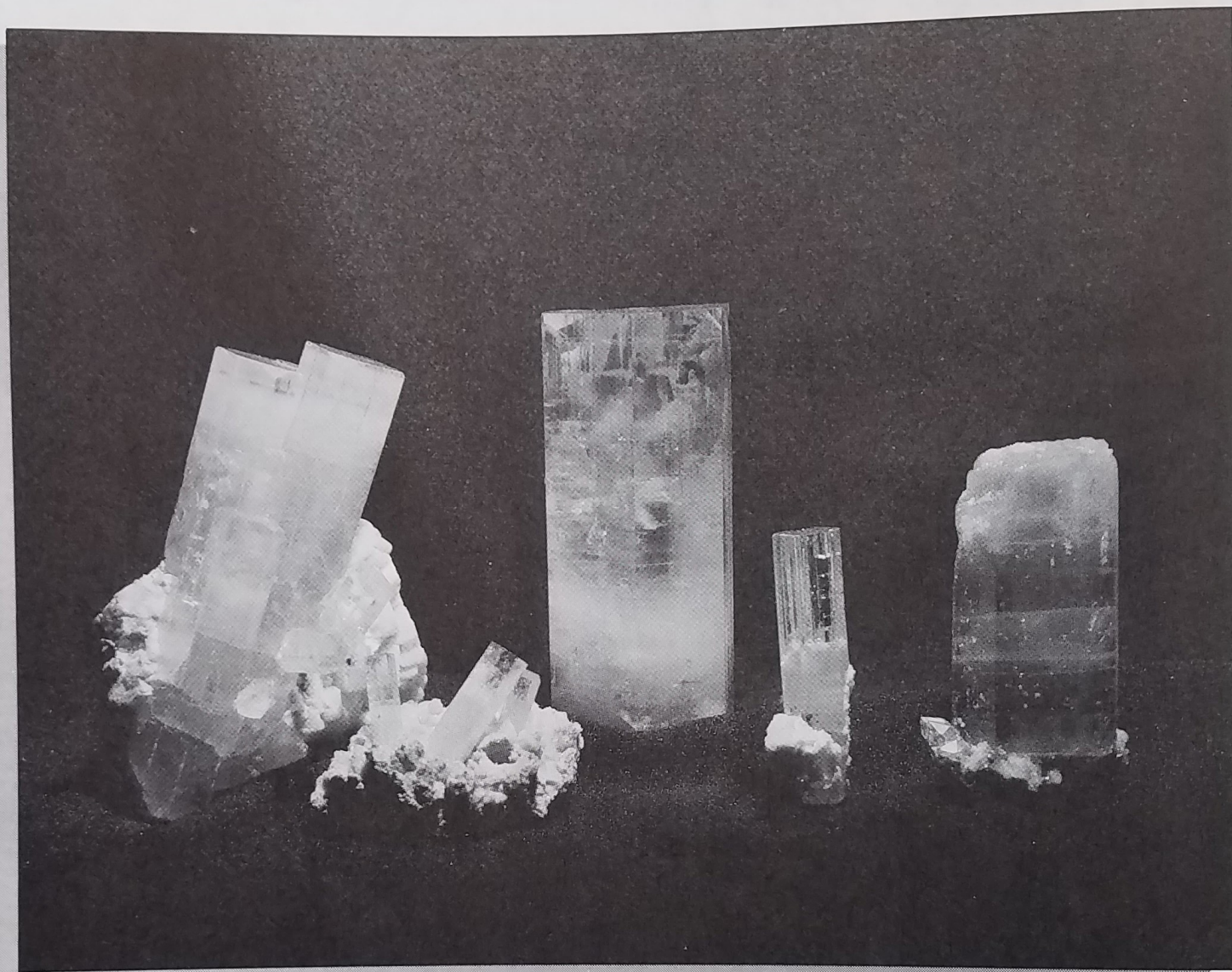


Photo of aquamarine, a variety of beryl, courtesy of the Tucson Gem & Mineral Society, Inc.

This month we've got a rock concert that'll dazzle anyone—the world's largest Gem and Mineral Show. Or if your idea of a jewel is gleaming chrome, check out the custom cars at this year's World of Wheels. Or try these timeless treasures like Mozart Opera, Shakespearean Drama, or a Beethoven Symphony.

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EVENTS

Through Feb. 13
ATC presents "On the Verge"

Feb. 4 & 5
Tucson Symphony with
pianist Claude Frank

Feb. 5 - 7
World of Wheels

Feb. 8
Aerosmith Concert

Feb. 11 - 14
Gem and Mineral Show

Feb. 11 & 13
Arizona Opera presents
"Cosi fan Tutte"

Feb. 14
Sunday Forum presents
"Amadeus, a Traveler in Italy"

Feb. 20 - Mar. 12
ATC presents "The Tempest"

Feb. 19 & 20
Icecats vs. University
of Alaska-Fairbanks

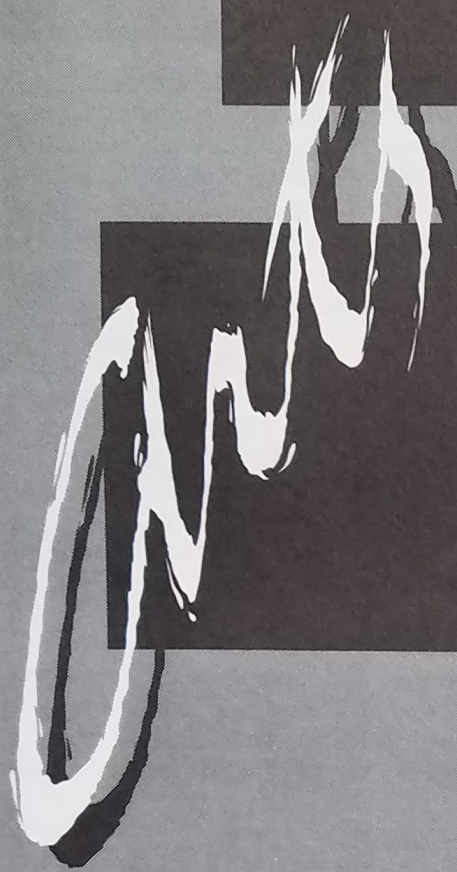
Feb. 19 & 20
Tucson Symphony presents
"Empire Brass"

Feb. 25 & 27
Arizona Opera presents
"Turandot"

Feb. 26 & 27
Icecats vs. Ohio University

Feb. 26 & 27
World Wrestling Federation

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Gil Juarez

REAL MEN LIKE OPERA

BY EMIL FRANZI

*Invest in a tuba
And somethin' or other about Cuba
He sang about a lady
Who weighed two hundred and eighty*

—Homer and Jethro, California, ca. 1954

The above impression of opera is the one too many folks, both Rednecks and others, possess. Too bad, because it's a misconception.

Lots of operas center around stuff that most Rednecks, and other real people, can easily identify with if they'd give it a chance—namely sex and violence. Having grown up in an Italian household with a picture of Giuseppe Verdi on the living room wall, I know there is much we ethnic Rednecks can share with our Baja Arizona Western cousins.

First is the false idea that most female opera singers are built like Chicago Bears. Opera is visual art, and part of that art produces a bunch of ladies who are built more like Raquel. Or Dolly. The image of the fat lady with a spear in her hand has come about because of the weirdo operas written about a hundred years or so ago by the one man who did the most to destroy opera as a popular art form—a screwed-up German named Richard Wagner.

Face it. Most of the real operas were written by Italians, a few Frenchmen, and then everybody else. Germans aren't very good at opera. That's fair enough—Italians aren't very good at war. And the French are kinda mediocre at both.

That leaves Mozart, who's been dead for about 200 years and wasn't a German, but an Austrian. Austrians aren't Germans, just like Canadians aren't Americans, and Australians aren't Brits.

Same language, but different culture. You ever hear about Austria trying to take over the world? Besides, they're closer to Italy, where the action is.

From Bach and before, Germany has produced a lot of great music, but very little of it has been opera. Handel tried operas, bombed out and went to England and wrote oratorios like the *Messiah*. An oratorio is sort of like an opera, but its big advantage is you don't have to buy any sets or costumes—everybody just stands around the stage in street clothes and sings. Guys like Mendelssohn and Schumann dabbled with opera, but blew it off and went back to doing things they were good at. And Brahms, the greatest German composer after Beethoven, never messed around with opera at all.

Would that Wagner hadn't. Musically he did some interesting things, but most of the good stuff he wrote was all recorded over thirty years ago by



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ARTS

Arturo Toscanini on two LPs. It's called "orchestral excerpts." After that, Wagner is all downhill. So then how come so many opera givers and presenters waste so much time with his ponderous mythological plots that turn most people off?

Hype. Wagner was one of the great hustlers of all time. The guy's life is a history of con jobs ranging from other men's wives to a crazy king of Bavaria he bilked out of a fortune to set up the performance of his works in perpetuity. Besides being a hustler and a lech, Wagner was a bigot, a deadbeat, a liar and a coward. The Germanic myth tripe he based most of his operas on was a prototype pillar for the whole Nazi movement. Adolf Hitler idolized him. And a whole lot of artsy-craftsy types have helped perpetuate this fraud, while culturally he caused such a reaction in other circles that it backfired onto *all* opera.

Is it any wonder that the average American would rather listen to or watch Willie, Waylon and Hank than sit through four-and-a-half hours of obscure Germanic mythology? Hell, I'd rather listen to Willie, Waylon and Hank, and I love *real* opera—ITALIAN opera.

Italian opera is about real people you can identify with without needing a two-pound program. In fact, Puccini even wrote one that's a western. Well presented and well sung, the message will usually surmount the language barrier. Italians usually don't have any problem conveying meaning even if you don't know exactly what we're talking about. And the average Italian opera (Verdi, Puccini, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and others) usually lasts about two hours, about the right length for an audience's span of attention, as John Ford and John Huston both knew.

One other point. The lady, she no weigha 280. From Geraldine Ferrar (who almost broke up Toscanini's

marriage) through Maria Callas, Anna Moffo, and Lisa della Casa, to a recent Tucson visitor, the incredible New Zealander Kiri Te Kanawa, these ladies had one thing in common: They were gorgeous. And if you find that sexist, tough. This is a Redneck talking, remember?

Hats off to the Arizona Opera Company. By the time you read this, they will have finished their first two presentations of this season—Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* and Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

Still up for Feb. 11 and 13 in Tucson is Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* and on Feb. 25 and 27 is Puccini's *Turandot*. These people clearly understand real opera and have the ratio down pat. About half the good ones were written by Italians and the other half are about evenly divided between Frenchmen and Mozart. (I don't want to hear about Americans either. The only two who ever cut it besides Gershwin were named Menotti and Pasatieri.)

In case anybody needs to know what these are all about, it's simple. *Romeo et Juliette* is "West Side Story" in French. *Rigoletto* is about an obnoxious handicapped person. *Così fan Tutte* is eighteenth century primitive mate-swapping. And *Turandot* is a high-class Chinese version of "Dallas."

It's a bit late for season tickets, but a measly eight bucks is the starting price for a single performance in the back or the balcony of the Tucson Community Center. Those seats aren't bad at all, and that way nobody will look at you funny if you don't wear a tie (as occasionally happens up front with the big spenders).

Better hurry up. The Gounod was sold out, as were the last two performances of last season, Puccini's *La Bohème* and Rossini's *Barber of Seville*.

Wanna bet that could ever happen with Wagner?

KEEPING YOUR CHOPS UP IN THE STICKS

BY MOLLY McKASSON

Since I came home to live in Tucson eleven years ago, I've watched the career I thought I was going to have in the theater dry up and blow away. I have some regrets, but then much of it was lightweight dreams to begin with. I chose to stay here.

Don't get me wrong. The Old Pueblo doesn't give a damn about your personal growth as a performing artist—any more than New York City

or Los Angeles do. So if you come here hoping to "plug into a professional scene," set in a beautiful and slower-paced environment, take my advice and keep traveling east or west.

Unless you have the charisma and guts of folks like Sandy Rosenthal, Susan Claassen, Barbea Williams and others, the relaxing pace will bring your career to a standstill. Unless you believe in yourself, you'll be sorely

disillusioned in a few years.

Every year the productions in town get more polished and the audiences increase. You do see more local performers than a few years back, but there's not enough work for even this small handful to make a living and keep their chops up.

Without practice, the concentration wanes, loosening confidence, and finally scaring the imagination into a psychic blur. Pretty soon, you're afraid to take risks and trust impulses, because you don't get a lot of chances to fail with only one fully professional theater around.

Then one day, that part of you that for years swam joyously to and fro through the fourth wall, feels permanently beached. I understand that Arizona Theatre Company doesn't want to hire locals, because they don't work enough. But it's a catch-22. Or is it?

Twelve years ago, when I was working as a professional actress in New York, I took workshops even when I was working in a successful show. We all did. Because the real "work" of acting required a constant fine-tuning. My successful forty-year-old friends on both coasts are still "workshopping." Over the years, attempts have been made to do this in Tucson, but they didn't catch on.

Perhaps other local actors were like me, waiting for an extra-Sonoran guru to come along and fire our disparate talents into that mystical ensemble. A few came, but they always went away. We never trusted that someone from within our own ranks could do the job. Which brings me to what I see as a major weakness in our theater scene.

We're not free to critique each other as artists. I don't mean on the basis of personality; I mean on the honesty, concentration and commitment of "the work." Who can afford to offend anyone in such a small artistic community, where one less venue can spell total disaster? So we do our best to avoid confrontation. But that's what theater is all about—bringing conflicts into focus. Unfortunately, most of the newspaper critics don't know that they're a part of this either. So they keep busy predicting rising and falling stars.

I don't know how others keep their chops up. In my case, when the acting work decreased, the playwrighting increased. It was substitution at first, but writing swiftly became my work. Crazy, you say, since playwrights suffer from fewer venues for their work than anyone else in the performing arts. I began to suspect something masochistic afoot here.

I went seeking a more demanding climate for work in Los Angeles, at the risk of splitting the family. That's when I realized I was partly my own culprit. I missed my husband, missed



Kathleen Stoll, *Running Free*

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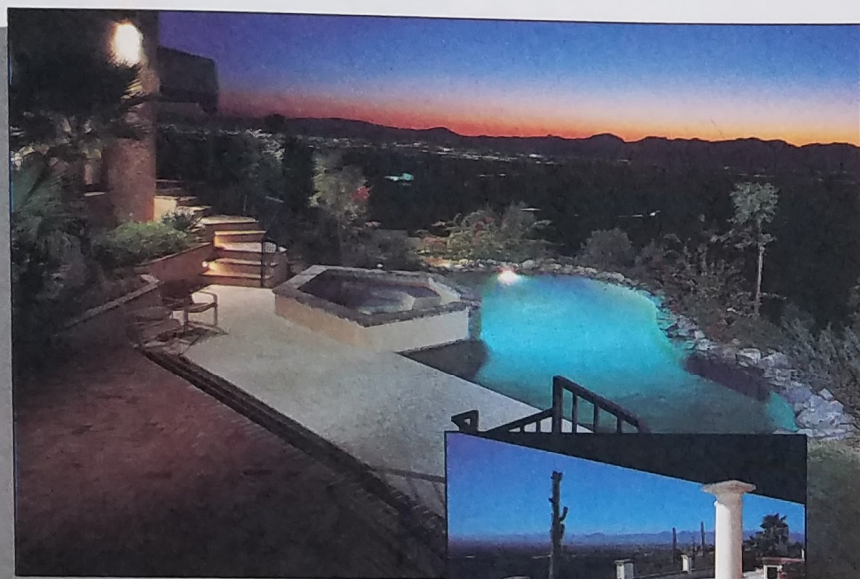


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ARTS

the Invisible Theatre, especially my improv partner, who had not only been supportive and nurturing, but had, on occasion, typed up scripts, led me to grants and inspired lots of dialogue through improv.

Coming home with mixed feelings, I immediately sought new feedback by meeting in a writers' group once a week. I began to come out as a writer, and learned the important lesson that unless you can fight for your work, it's probably not worth doing.

Plays need communities of support. Not simply performers, but challengers and coaches. Everybody I knew was worried about getting respect and pay more than the struggle of ideas and feelings. I was ready to leave again when I met two tough guys from Minnesota.

August Wilson was unknown to me three years ago when, thanks to Rolly Kent and Susan Goldberg, the library brought him to the Wilmot Branch for a freebie playwright's workshop.

"Ma Rainey's Black Bottom" was

bar for a beer. In a few minutes, I was telling him about the recent death of a good friend. He listened and listened. As I went on, this palpable block began melting away inside. I'd been afraid it was sacrilege to draw on these most powerful emotions for my work. August let me tell the whole story, because that's what he believes in.

And then he told me about his scare: how he couldn't work until he got the courage to call that Old Death to come and sit by him at the table, until he could tell him face-to-face to get the hell out of his life, because he wasn't ready yet.

This flowed into a monologue from one of his plays, where a guy beats back the Reaper in his own kitchen. I got permission from the man to feel it all. The sort of manna you can't predict where or when it's coming. And yet I can't keep my chops up without it.

Two months later, thanks to Gary Gisselman, I was digging away at one of my plays for the Plays and Playwrights' series, with John Donahue.

...this guru would chop my pale honky art to shreds.

running on Broadway, but I didn't care. When I read August's dialogue out loud that first night, so delicately woven with needs and hurts, and so boldly unfurling the Big Story, I fell in love with his work.

I could have told you then he'd get a Pulitzer and much more. He took human rituals to heart. He seemed very nervous to be teaching us, fully aware of his responsibility in the relationships being formed in our dialogue. His difficulty in finding the right words was not from shyness, but because he wanted us to discover out of this tension the inner spring in our work.

I listened hard. A part of me wanted to be certified as a playwright; another part tried to hear the secret of his success; the worst part feared that at any moment, this guru, possessor of the magic oral tradition, would, like a transcendent Zen master, chop my pale honky art to shreds. But August's only prejudice was against those who had no compassion.

A year later, we were workshoping again through the Tucson Writers' Conference. August knew quite a few of us as well as our tricks. It was time to get down to the sacrifices.

I was so desperate to hear something direct that I didn't care what he said as I cornered him in the Sheraton

What John did in a month was give me the courage to say what was laying heavy on my heart. Again, permission to let the ugly, terrifying, taboo, cruel things all hang out, because it heals and it redeems, and if you can't get that when you go to the theater, then you may as well go for a hike.

For two years now, John's been casting his fearless gaze across the boards at ATC, and August just returned for his fourth round with the feisty, growing ranks of local playwrights. It bodes well when so many different voices pipe up in one place.

I don't pretend to make predictions, but this is my desire: we've got plenty of vision and know-how streaming in and out of town, and I'm all for professionalizing our theater scene—the more work and the more pay, the better. But that alone won't make powerful drama with a revelatory and communal voice, only to be heard here because of this audience and this group of performers.

So, throw the ball in the artists' court. No matter how you slice it, the artist is always a voice crying in the sticks. To be heard, we gotta keep the chops in shape.

I can tell you now: I don't want any more dreams to dry up and blow away here.

ART HAPPENINGS

Surprise, Surprise Feb. 3-6

At presstime the UA drama department was still rehearsing its Studio Series play. Don't miss whatever they've conjured up—it's usually offbeat. 8 p.m. in Park Theater or Studio A. Tickets \$3 general; \$2 students. Info, 621-1162.

Tucson Symphony Orchestra Feb. 4, 5

The spotlight's on Claude Frank, piano maestro, when he joins the orchestra. Program includes Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphoses of Themes by Weber"; Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 17 in G Major, K. 453 and Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 in F Major, Op. 68, "Pastoral." TCC Music Hall at 8 p.m. Ticket info, 791-4101 or 882-8585.

a.k.a. theatre co. Feb. 4-6

If you like theater that makes you think, be part of the audience in Sam Shepard's "Hawk Moon," a multi-media production of his earliest prose and poetry at 8 p.m. 125. E. Congress. Ticket info, 623-7852.

Great Performance Series Feb. 6

Dynamic rhythms and dance movements—The Belgrade State Folk Ensemble, a combo of authentic Yugoslav folk dance, choral music and folk orchestra. Dances performed are from 8 regions that constitute the modern nation of Yugoslavia. Performers are selected in yearly auditions and are considered the *creme de la creme* of the country. UA Centennial Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets, \$13, \$11, \$9. Info, 621-3341.

Invisible Theatre Closing Feb. 7

John Van Druten's "I Am a Camera," adapted from the "Berlin Stories" of Christopher Isherwood, will elicit many moods. Described as striking, evocative and often humorous, the play is basis for the musical "Cabaret." Curtain at 8 p.m. 1400 N. 1st Ave. Info, 882-9721.

UA Theatre Series Performances Feb. 7, 8

The Acting Company is

America's only permanent professional repertory company that tours nationwide (founded by John Houseman and Margo Harley in 1972). They're staging a production of "Kabuki Macbeth," where East meets West, dramatically blending the exotic art of the Kabuki and the eloquence of the Elizabethan Theater. You ask, how do they accomplish this? Don't miss and tell us. Curtain, 8 p.m. on Feb. 7; Feb. 8 at 10 a.m. Ticket range \$15-\$9. UA Centennial Hall. Info, 621-3341.

Arizona Opera Company Feb. 11, 13

"Cosi fan Tutte" (English translation: "All Women Are Alike") is a bubbling opera about fickle women and the men they love, by the adorable and womanizing Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Directed by Bodo Igesz and starring Kaaren Erickson, Kathy Knight and Carroll Freeman. In Italian with English subtitles projected overhead. TCC Music Hall at 7:30 p.m. Single admission ranges \$32-\$8. Info, 791-4101 or 293-4336.

"A Sette of Vyalls" Feb. 12

Featuring Soprano Judy Nelson in a program of consort songs sponsored by the Arizona Early Music Society at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall. Ticket \$8.50 general; \$7.70 seniors; \$4 students. Series subscribers receive discounts. Info, 621-7010.

Dinner Theater Feb. 12-28

"Cheatin' Heart"—the songs and times of the unforgettable country/western star Hank Williams in an original revue at the Plaza Musical Dinner Theatre, produced in part by The Gilbert and Sullivan Theatre, Inc. Plaza Hotel, Speedway and Campbell. Dinner 6:30 p.m. Curtain, 7:30 p.m. Dinner and show \$17.95 mailed in advance. Ticket info, 886-9040 between 8 a.m.-noon.

Arizona Theatre Company Through Feb. 13

Eric Overmyer's "On the Verge" centers on three proper Victorian ladies as they embrace the future and jour-

ney through space and time into 1955 America. TCC Little Theater. Ticket info, 791-4101.

Tucson Symphony Orchestra Feb. 14, 15

Continuing their "In Recital Series," TSO presents the Brass Quintet with Patricia Harris on harp performing Albinoni's Allegro for Piccolo Trumpet & Brass Quintet; Haufrecht's Suite for Brass Quintet; Brown's Concertino for Harp & Brass Quintet; Jones' Four Movements for Five Brass; Waller's "Music of Fats Waller," and Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance." Feb. 14 at 3 p.m. in Green Valley's Presbyterian Church, 2800 S. Camino del Sol; Feb. 15 at 8 p.m. in St. Philip's Sanctuary, Campbell and River. Ticket info, 882-8585.

Ooh-La-La Feb. 18

When was the last time you saw an all-male ballet troupe? The les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, a.k.a. affectionately as the Trocks, is a group of ballet enthusiasts presenting a playful, entertaining view of traditional classical ballet in parody and *en travesti*. Now this is rock 'n' roll. The pirouettes begin at 8 p.m. in UA Centennial Hall. Tickets \$16, \$14, \$12. Info, 621-3341.

Arizona Theatre Company Feb. 20-Mar. 12

Arizona Theatre Company presents late Shakespeare with "The Tempest." The players are castaway on a magical island. They have plenty of time and space to consider love, jealousy and power. TCC Little Theater. Ticket info, 791-4101.

The Tucson Symphony Feb. 19, 20

The Fairfield Homes Pops Parade presents "Empire Brass." Popular favorites by Leonard Bernstein, Cole Porter and Fats Waller will be showcased by this famous quintet. TCC Music Hall at 8 p.m. Info, 791-4101 or 882-8585.

Arizona Friends of Music Feb. 24

The Emerson String Quartet with Menahem Pressler,

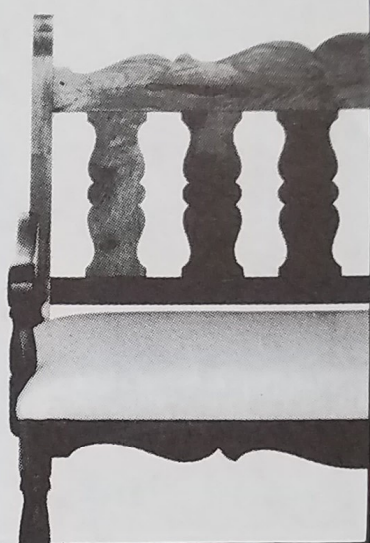
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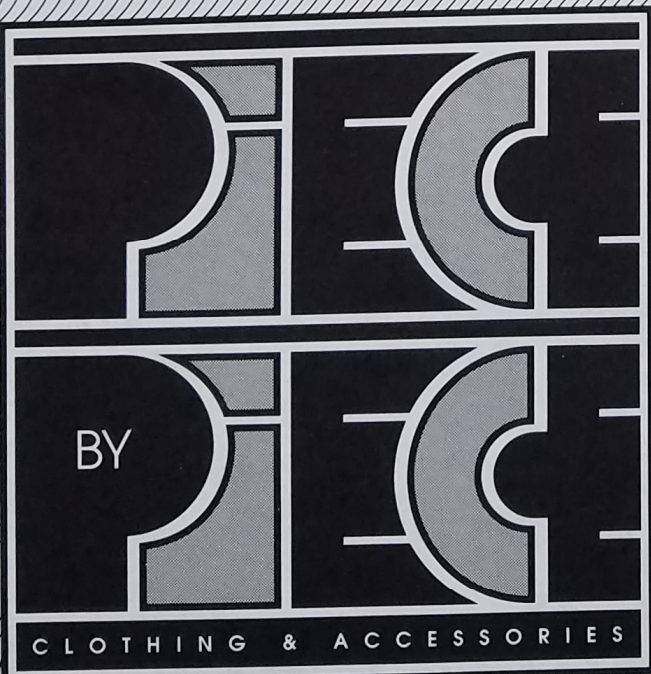
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piano, and Oscar Shumsky, violin, bring an all-French program. The Chausson Concerto for Violin and Piano and String Quartet; a Faure Sonata featuring Mr. Shumsky and Mr. Pressler; and the Debussy String Quartet. UA Crowder Hall at 8 p.m. Ticket range \$10-\$4, available at the door at 7 p.m. Info, 298-5806.

Arizona Opera Company Feb. 25, 27

Puccini's "Turandot," the legend of the bloodthirsty princess set in ancient China. Directed by Glynn Ross, starring Ealynn Voss and Ernesto Veroneli. In Italian, with English subtitles projected overhead. Their last performance of the season. TCC Music Hall at 7:30 p.m. Single admission ranges \$32-\$8. Info, 791-4101 or 293-4336.

UA Mainstage Series Feb. 25-Mar. 6

Sam Smiley's "Silver Apples of the Moon" is presented as part of the UA Mainstage Series and directed by Harold Dixon. Ticket prices range \$8-\$4. Season tickets available. Evening performances at 8 p.m.; matinees, 2 p.m. Further info, UA Fine Arts Box Office, 621-1162.

a.k.a. theatre co. Feb. 25-Mar. 13

A heady approach to theater. "P.S. Your Cat is Dead" by James Kirkwood is an out-of-bounds comedy about a guy and his cat. A must for all Garfield (the cat, not John or James A.) fanatics. \$6 or \$5 with a can of food for the Tucson Community Food Bank. Curtain, 8 p.m. 125 E. Congress. Info, 623-7852.

Tucson Symphony Orchestra Feb. 26, 28

Jeffrey Showell, violist, performs with the symphony in an evening devoted to Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 in G Major, BWV 1048; Hindemith's "Der Schwanendreher"; and Faure's "Pelleas & Melisande, Op. 80." Part of the Chamber Concerts. Feb. 26 at 8 p.m. in Crowder Hall; Feb. 28 at 3 p.m. in Green Valley's Presbyterian Church, 2800 S. Camino del Sol. Info, 882-8585.

Gaslight Theatre Through Mar. 26

"Buzz Corey and the Red Planet of Doom" is a comic odyssey through space. If you remember Buster Crabbe as

Flash Gordon, you have an idea of what Gaslight is up to. Expect comedy with a dose of slapstick. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.

Fifties Dancing

Little Anthony's Diner, across from the Gaslight Theatre at 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd., features The Cadillacs! doing live rock 'n' roll dance music from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. on Fridays and Saturdays.

Amerind Foundation Through April

"Navajo Ways" presents the arts and crafts of the Navajo people, featuring objects from the Amerind permanent collection. Included are textiles, silverwork, ceramics and watercolors. It's a mixed bag, but most of the stuff on view dates back some decades. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

Through Mar. 31

An exhibit of Hopi works on paper, emphasizing watercolors of the Old West. Includes Otis Polelonema, who began the Hopi watercolor tradition in the '20s. Treat yourself to Arizona's past.

Ann Original Gallery Through Feb. 27

Kathy Stoll's sedate watercolors in a southwestern, representational format, and Marian Tofel's recent pastels and oils created in her South American home. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, Crossroads Festival. 323-0266.

Art Network

Be original and own some "wearable art." Outfit yourself in avant-garde bola ties, jewelry and gonzo T-shirts with social comments—many reflecting on our gov. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

Cabat Studio

Paintings and limited-edition prints by Erni Cabat, hand-made one-of-a-kind ceramics by Rose Cabat, and contemporary jewelry by June Cabat. The whole family is in on the act. Irregular hours, so call first—appointments can be made. 627 N. 4th Ave. 622-6362.

Center For Creative Photography

Until they move into their new building, they're digging

through their archives, presenting shows from a permanent collection that includes Ansel Adams, Edward Weston, WeeGee and scads of others. Call for the monthly surprise. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., noon-5 p.m. 843 E. University Blvd. 621-7968.

DeGrazia Gallery Through February

DeGrazia's interpretation of Arizona's rodeo—part of his permanent collection. Mon.-Sun., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6300 N. Swan Rd. 299-9191.

Dinnerware Cooperative Feb. 2-28

Fernando Joffroy displays mixed-media paintings, and Martin Amorous displays regular ones. Know the difference? Find out at Tucson's oldest art collective. Reception, Feb. 6, 7-9 p.m. 135 E. Congress St. Hours noon-5 p.m., Tues.-Sat.; 1-4 p.m. Sun. Info, 792-4503.

Eleanor Jeck Galleries Through February

Featuring flashy colored ceramics by William Berchou and new 3-D prints by James Rizzi. El Mercado de Boutiques, 6336 E. Broadway. Info, 790-8333.

El Presidio Gallery, Inc. Feb. 13-Feb. 23

Charles H. Pabst exhibits paintings of the desert, mountains and canyons in a solo show. 182 N. Court Ave. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 1-4 p.m. 884-7379.

Etherton Gallery Feb. 1-Mar. 5

Marilyn Bridges' acclaimed aerial photography of "sacred" landscapes and Tucsonan Barbara Grygutis' sculptures and ceramics. Wed.-Sat., noon-5 p.m.; Thur. 'til 7 p.m. 424 E. 6th St. 624-7370.

Framer's Gallery Through February

Only a dozen men have authentically moon-walked. Alan Bean, Apollo XII lunar module pilot and Skylab II commander (impressed yet?) has recorded it in limited edition prints, from a perspective your TV screen didn't catch. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 4740 E. Sunrise Rd. 299-5107.

Galeria Anita

Primitive paintings in a bright southwestern style, sculpture

by Frank Franklin and mari-onettes by Anna. A variety of Mexican imports. They'll let you look (and buy) at their downtown studio, but by appointment only. 825 N. Anita. Info, 792-0777.

Mary Peachin's Art Company Through February
Featuring the watercolors of Tucson artist Gary Williams. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 5350 E. Broadway #140 at Williams Centre. Info, 747-1345.

Mesquite Grove Gallery Feb. 7-Mar. 31
From earliest history, masks and shields have been created for momentous ceremonies and special occasions. Find out the wide range of mask interpretation by new and current gallery artists in a multi-media show. McKeown St., Patagonia. Wed.-Sun., 1-5 p.m. Info, 1-394-2358 or 1-394-2732.

Mitchell, Brown & Co.
Featuring a large selection of 19th- and 20th-century American paintings (with an emphasis on ornithological prints and botanicals). Finally a place that isn't regional. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 2843 N. Campbell Ave. 795-0896.

National Light Gallery of Photography
Large color photographs featuring long time exposures. You know, like 300 lightning bolts in one shot. All work is by Cara Cupito, except for occasional shows by other artists. Sat. and Sun., noon-4 p.m. and by appt. Mon.-Fri. 309 E. Congress St. 623-7825.

Oasis Gallery Through Apr. 4
It's their first annual winter show featuring local talent—the drawings and watercolors of Sharon Forsmo, and sculpture by Dimitri Cilione. The Tucson Community Cable Corporation Oasis Gallery is at 124 E. Broadway. Tues.-Sat., 1 p.m.-10 p.m. Sun., noon-8 p.m. 624-9833.

Obsidian Gallery Feb. 7-Mar. 5
Presenting the "Wild Southwest." Works by artists from New Mexico will be featured. The show roams from jewelry to artwear to mixed media to painted wood. Deedra Jarrell, Polly Reidhead, Ken Saville, Iren Schio and others show their handcrafted wares.

Reception, Feb. 13, 5-8 p.m. Where art is fun. 4340 N. Campbell, Suite 90. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. 577-3598.

Old Pueblo Museum Feb. 13-May 1
"The Stuff of Dreams—Native American Dolls" features rare dolls from throughout the American continent, from prehistoric times to modern day. No Barbie dolls on view, but there is a 1984 Laguna Pueblo Storyteller, which hails from New Mexico. There's also a 4,300-year-old figurine from Ecuador, a 500-year-old Inca figurine made of cast gold and a 1,500-year-old jointed clay puppet from Vera Cruz, Mexico. Find out what the kids were playing with back when rocks were considered toys. At Foothills Mall. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun., noon-5 p.m. Free. 742-7191.

Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd. Closing Feb. 13
John Dawson's controversial work occupies the Spotlight Gallery; large oil paintings and drawings that are emotionally charged figurative works. He also displays sculptures and bronzes. St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-6 p.m. 299-6998.

Feb. 20-29
Walter Piehl and the exceptional Howard Post present their personal views of the rodeo scene in expressionistic and impressionistic styles.

Philabaum Gallery & Studios Feb. 6-Mar. 12
If you're a bull in a China shop, skip this one. Entitled "Breaking the Mold," the studio is the showplace for the 1st Southwestern Invitational, featuring new work by 26 glass artists. Reception, Feb. 6 from 6-9 p.m.; Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 711 S. 6th Ave. 884-7404.

Pima Community College Closing Feb. 5
Trish Wann displays large mixed-media sculptures with a whimsical animal theme. She's even got some lights thrown in. Richard Shaefer exhibits computer-generated watercolor collages, and Scot Dunham shows off his 3-D sculptural, fanciful glass. Pima Community College Student Center, 2202 W. Anklam Rd. Mon.-Thurs., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri., 9 a.m.-4 p.m. 884-6975.

Feb. 11-Mar. 3
Ellen Fountain (known for representational watercolors), George Fletovic, Jim Eder and Chris Caufield headline this show where realism is spotlighted. Reception, Feb. 11, 3:30 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

Rosequist Galleries Through February
Fine contemporary Southwest art, traditional and innovative, by many gallery artists—over 7,500 square feet of visual feast. Tues.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 1615 E. Fort Lowell Rd. 327-5729.

Saguaro Credit Union Through Mar. 25
While you're standing in line waiting for cash, view Carol Lavoie's "Landscapes," a selection of new watercolor paintings in a solo show. Corner of Speedway and Euclid. Credit Union hours. Info, 624-9124.

Sanders Galleries
Exhibits by Western artists Richard Iams, Don Jaramillo, Doug Ricks and Doyle Shaw. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-1763. Hours Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Showing at the Westin La Paloma branch gallery are regional artists and watercolors on rice paper by Jerry Becker. 3300 E. Sunrise. 577-5820. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

Settlers West
An exhibit devoted to the American West featuring representational portraits, landscapes, wildlife art, sculpture and more by more than 35 nationally acclaimed artists, including Ken Riley, Tom Hill, R.M. Stubbs, Duane Bryers, Jim Reynolds and others. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. 299-2607.

Tohono Chul Park Through Feb. 28
Entitled "Traditional Leather Workers of Southern Arizona and Sonora," this display shows handmade saddles, bridles, ropes and boots. The history, variations, use and importance of each object in Southern Arizona and Sonoran culture rounds out the show. 7366 N. Paseo Del Norte. 742-6455.

Through Feb. 28
Paintings and sculpture from the private collections of the Friends of Western Art.


Tucson Museum of Art Feb. 13-Apr. 3

Beth O'Donnell
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ARTS

Not much of an art enthusiast? Perhaps Matisse will change your mind in the exhibit entitled "Henri Matisse: Lithographs and Bronzes from the Cone Collection." Prints and sculptures were the life of this man, who had a great impact on the art of the 20th century. The 56 prints and bronzes date from 1901-1929 and illuminate the master artist's command of these mediums. On Feb. 28, in conjunction with the Matisse exhibition, Arnold Lehman, director of the Baltimore Museum of Art, speaks on early 20th-century artists in Paris. Rounding out the show will be the 13th annual Western Federation Watercolor Exhibition. See what southwestern artists are producing. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

Closing Feb. 3

"El Nacimiento," the traditional Mexican Nativity scene, is a local institution. The elaborate nacimiento, including more than 100 figurines, will be on display at the his-

torical Casa Cordova at TMA. Free.

UA Arizona State Museum Through Aug. '88

"Building for a Century: Historic Architecture at the University of Arizona." Every picture tells the story of the development and growth of our University. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 2-5 p.m. Free. Info, 621-6302.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery Closing Feb. 11

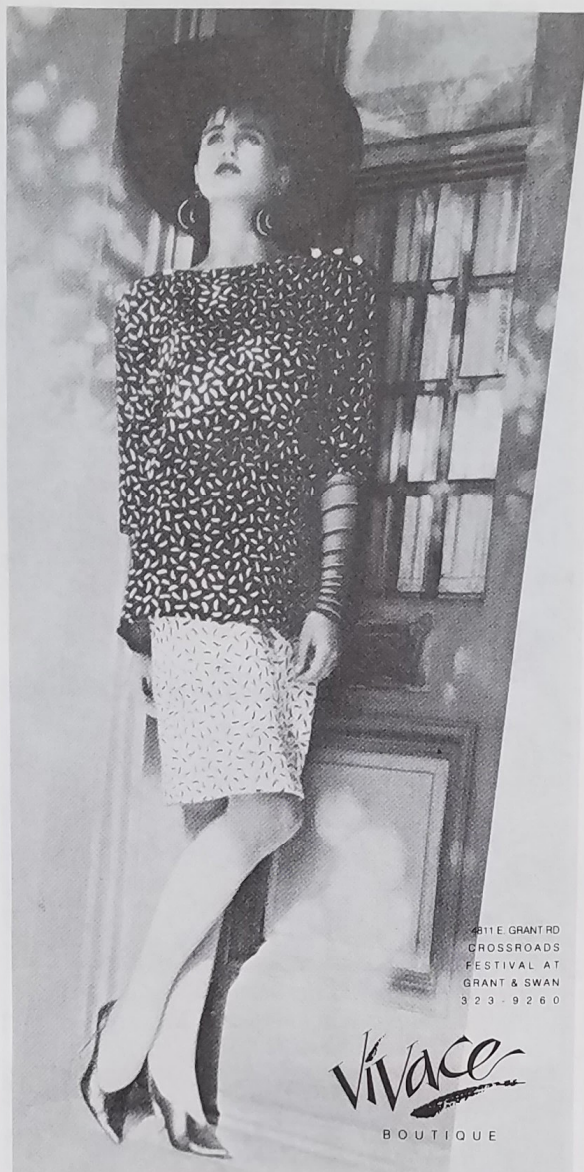
Dave Laughlin's paintings of the Black Cavalry. Regular Student Union bldg. hours. 621-3546.

Feb. 16-Mar. 15

Step inside to get outdoors when you view Dorothy Scott's lithographs of wildlife and landscapes.

UA Museum of Art Through Mar. 13

Does your life ever seem to imitate the cliché "The Success of Failure?" If it does, take heart and long strides over to the wall hangings considered by their famous producers to be failures—



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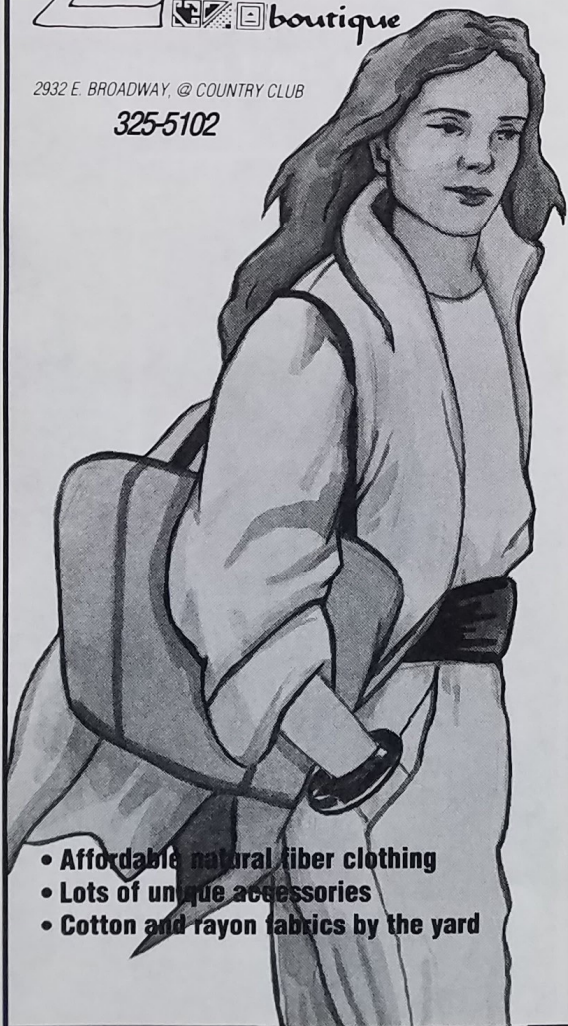


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ARTS

although they pointed the way to successes in later years. Organized by Independent Curators, Inc. Remember, Van Gogh didn't make much of an impression while he was alive. Maybe one day, the product of your torture will go for more than 50 million. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. and noon-4 p.m. on Sunday. 621-7567.

Through Mar. 13

A journalistic record by Sergei Prokudin-Gorsky, featuring 87 color photos, commissioned by Czar Nicholas II, depicting the people, landscape and architecture of Imperial Russia. Organized and circulated by the Library of Congress and sponsored by the UA Student Union Gallery and Center for Creative Photography. What a Czar wanted, a Czar got. Don't miss.

UA Rotunda Gallery

Closing Feb. 8

Narcisco and Stevens display photographs of man and nature. Regular Student Union building hours. 621-3546.

Feb. 11-Mar. 13

Sue Buck's monoprints of

corporate avarice are the theme this month. Maybe your favorite corporation will be identified.

UA Union Gallery Through February

Russian photographer Sergei Prokudin-Gorsky's works from 1909-1915 are on display. UA Student Union, main floor. Mon.-Fri., 10-4 p.m.; Sun., 11-3 p.m. 621-3546.

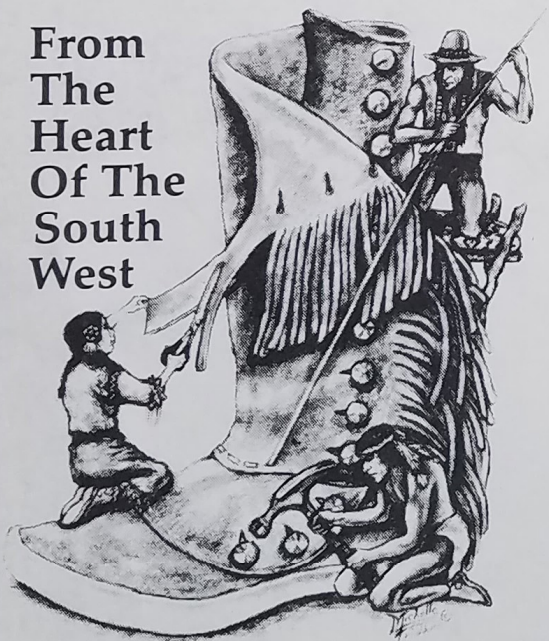
Venture Fine Arts

A new gallery on the block emphasizing representational and impressionistic art. Featured are Carolyn Norton (impressionistic figures and still lifes in oil); Dan Bates (western bronze sculpture); Gary Price (wildlife sculpture) and many others. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. and by appointment. 6541 E. Tanque Verde (Trail Dust Town). Info, 298-2258.

Womankraft Gallery

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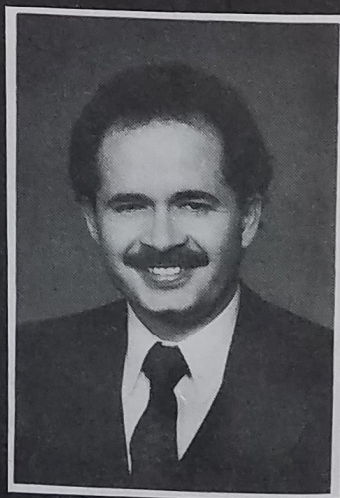
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Lois McLane

THE MAN WHO ATE GUAYMAS

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

Here in the United States, I follow a few simple rules for choosing a Mexican restaurant. They're best expressed in the negative: Never go to a place that issues quarterly reports to stockholders. Never go to a place that lops sour cream on the chimichangas. And never go to a place that serves margaritas. When was the last time you saw a Mexican drink a margarita?

What I seem to be saying here is never go to a Mexican restaurant that has targeted me (i.e., *el gringo*) as its clientele. I think this is thoroughly reliable advice. And I am somewhat embarrassed now to recommend the opposite for dining out in Sonora. I'd love to pose as your cool and knowing guide to the hidden culinary treasures of our neighbor state, but after several travels down there in the last year, I'm not convinced they exist. Your best meals probably will be in places where the waiters assure you, in well-rehearsed English, that "Our shrimps are very fresh. They slept in the ocean only last night."

I'm just back from the Sonoran coast, where I heard that very line from a waiter at Paradise in San Carlos. I was hoping to hate the place. Paradise serves margaritas, and the staff employs every cli-

che short of "Buenas noches, mi noble es Ricardo y I'll be your waiter tonight."

The menu offers shrimp prepared a dozen different ways—in butter and garlic, deep fried with peanuts, bathed in ranchero sauce, and so on. I tried the shrimp *a la meuniere* (in wine sauce) and found them tender, buttery and utterly ambrosial. Someone else at the table ordered them *en brochette*, cooked over charcoal, and was rewarded with shrimp that had a crunchy, charred skin and a rich, delectable, smoky interior flavor. Four of us ate dinner for 68,000 pesos, which at that instant translated to thirty bucks.

Restaurante del Mar in Guaymas was an even better value. We ordered three-course dinners that began with fish broth, fried tortilla chips and a half liter of *salsa cruda*. Next followed heaping bowls of baby clams steamed with garlic and cilantro. I've had a hard time getting these out of my mind. Impeccably fresh—no doubt they'd snoozed in the ocean only hours before—they formed a feast of color with violet-streaked shells, bright green lime wedges and deep red salsa. After this came flambéed cabrilla topped with tiny shrimp and still more clams. I felt like The Man Who Ate Guaymas.

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E A T

The bill, for two, came to 33,700 pesos—\$14.90.

Sonoran Rule No. 1 is that when in coastal cities such as Guaymas, San Carlos and Puerto Peñasco, stick to seafood. Invariably it will be fresh—freezers are still a rarity in Mexico, thank God—and usually prepared well. Rule No. 2 is that when inland, sniff out the *carne asada*.

Keith Rosenblum, who covers Sonora for *The Arizona Daily Star* and who knows the state better than any gringo alive, says there is a kind of fraternity of native *carne asada* aficionados threaded throughout the state. Go into a strange town, start asking around, and before long you'll be initiated. This doesn't take wondrous fluency in Spanish—¿Donde hay el más mejor carne asada en este ciudad? will do the job.

Rosenblum cheerfully shares his idea of perfection: "Look for strips of

Street and McDowell that reportedly offered good, honest, unpretentious home-style Sonoran cooking. Their business expanded to new locations. In the early 1980s, the Garcias sold out to a giant corporation. They became millionaires. The four Garcia's of Scottsdale restaurants became the largest-volume eateries in the valley, mass-marketing bland, expensive and pretentious Mexifornian concoctions to customers in green polyester slacks. This is the quintessential Phoenix success story.

There is, happily, an asterisk.

For a while, Carmen Tafoya was a cook at the original Garcia's. Later she worked at Motorola. Whenever they'd have a potluck in her department, co-workers would hail her with choruses of "Carmen! You should open a restaurant!" In 1980 she finally had enough profit-sharing to do as she was urged. Her restaurant, El Bravo, is

**¿Donde hay el más mejor carne asada
en este ciudad?**

beef about six to eight inches long, two inches wide, and a quarter inch thick. The thickness is critical—an eighth is much too thin, three-eighths too thick. The meat will have been cooked over mesquite and will appear just a little red. It'll be surrounded by avocado, tomato and red onion slivers, and accompanied—and this is critical—by large flour tortillas. The best are called *sábanas*, which means 'sheets'."

Rosenblum adds that the potential for disappointment is considerable, which squares with my experience traveling in Sonora. This isn't surprising, sadly. Mexico's middle class, which would patronize good neighborhood restaurants if it could, has shriveled in the chaotic Mexican economy of the 1980s. The restaurants, serving an ever less-affluent clientele, are forced to buy poorer ingredients and employ less-skilled help. In small, out-of-the-way pueblos, the eats (at least to the gringo palate) seem pretty grim. This is unfortunate for Mexican and turista alike, because it's in these towns, where nobody's huckstering for the tourist buck, that Mexico is most engaging.

In Greater Metropolitan Phoenix, I have always followed one rule for choosing a Mexican restaurant: don't. While there surely must be a half-dozen people up there who know how to cook Mexican food, The Blob's very nature seems to always send Mexican restaurants down the road to ruin.

Here's a story that illustrates why. In 1956, Julio and Olivia Garcia opened a little take-out place at 35th

the one that shamed Tucson in December's Mexican Food Cookoff.

El Bravo (8338 N. Seventh St.) is a storefront fifteen feet wide on an ugly commercial strip in North Phoenix. Inside are just eight tables. The kitchen is larger than the dining room. There is no file of recipes in it; everything is stored in Carmen Tafoya's head. The menu is typically Arizona/Sonora, with sixteen kinds of burros, thirteen combination plates, tacos, tamales, enchiladas, machaca and eggs, and cheese crisps. The most expensive dinner available is five bucks; a good-sized red chile burro runs \$2.25.

And it's terrific. I tried it twice and found myself ecstatic—a condition I'd never expected to encounter in Phoenix for any cause. Green corn and chicken tamales braided the prickly flavor of green chile with the sweet corn *masa*. Soft beef tacos were wonderfully succulent. Red chile beef, so tender it must have been stewed for a week, lectured convincingly on the bold use of cumin. All I could find to grouse about was the sour cream on the chimichanga, sigh, and the thin, timid salsa served in a squeeze bottle.

Except at odd hours, the place is jammed. Lorraine Othon, Carmen Tafoya's daughter, confirms that the family is looking for a larger location in the same neighborhood. And then, she adds, maybe a second store. "But we don't want to go real big," she insists.

Uh-huh. The wise connoisseur will go now, savor and remember. Carmen is going to make millions, and El Bravo is going to taste like a Mexican restaurant in Phoenix. □

FOOD FIGHTS

BY EMIL FRANZI

I couldn't make it to the first annual Redneck Food Cook-Off, because it was held simultaneously with the big Mexican food contest here in Tucson. So I asked my good friend, Dave "Ol' Sarge" Hanley, to cover it for me and for *City Magazine*. Here's his report:

Barstow, California, Dec. 5, 1987.

"We all were taken out to an old Army mess hall left over from the Desert Training Center in World War II. In one outbuilding, an ex-barracks housed us press types, I even found an old set of post instructions signed by Georgie Patton himself.

"The mayor of the host city of Barstow, Furlow Scivvy, invited a whole bunch of towns that are supposed to have great truck stops—namely Blythe, California; Bozeman, Montana; Crane, Texas; Kennesaw, Georgia; Tacna, Arizona; and Tucumcari, New Mexico.

"A big flap came when the Kennesaw City Council announced it was pullin' out in protest against California's chicken gun laws that wouldn't let their guy carry his piece. We thought Tacna, Arizona, might be in the same bag, but found out later they didn't show, 'cause their entry fell asleep on the bench and missed his Greyhound.

"Judges for this event were determined by an election held among the residents of the Pink Flamingo Mobile Home Park over by the Salton Sea. Selected were a retired heavy-equipment operator, a retired trucker, a retired school cafeteria worker, the widow of a retired plumber, and a former lady Marine mess sergeant.

"There was lots of hoopla and hype, and PR types and pols runnin' around. Got to know most of the players at the beer bust held the night before. I was a little worried about chef Zebediah Geek from Arlo's Cafe in Bozeman. He kept passin' out with his head landin' in a bowl of onion dip, but somebody always grabbed at him before he quit breathin', and he went on to place third in the overall competition the next day.

"Categories of food were chicken-fried steak, meat loaf, hush puppies, biscuits and gravy and a chef's special (the special was limited to anything that was on a menu sometime in the previous week).

"Second place went to Chef Renfrew Dabber, owner and operator of Dabber's 24-Hour Oil Change and Snack Bar, about eight miles east of Crane, Texas, on I-385. I knew Renfrew when he used to cook at My Friend's Grill in the heart of Crane. Renfrew wowed 'em with his specialty, Hot Baloney Sandwiches, and a secret cheese sauce based on Velveeta. He told me he picked up the recipe while doin' three to five with the

Texas Corrections folks.

"Grand prize was a surprise to us all. It went to Juan Mercado, a Guatemalan refugee who's only been up here a year or so and just got his green card. He pulls the midnight shift at the Denny's in Blythe, California. Juan got into the cook-off by winnin' a local grits contest, and it carried him all the way.

"Barstow is really torqued. Losin' is one thing, but gettin' aced by Blythe was more than their mayor could handle. He threw a Bartles and Jaymes bottle halfway across the mess hall, barely missin' the head of a huge biker who, fortunately, was too bombed to notice.

"Tucumcari announced it's plannin' to host next year's event and claimed the reason they did so bad this time was because too many truck stops have been suckin' up to yuppie travelers and cuttin' back on grease. This don't explain why they'd get marked down by a bunch of retirees who live in trailers and sounds like sour grapes to me. Besides, Blythe told 'em to stick it. They got the trophy (a beautiful plaster likeness of Elvis with a plaque on his gut)—if you want it, come get it.

"That's about it.

"Yours, from a fellow Redneck for Social Responsibility."

As many of you are no doubt well aware by now, Tucson took it in the shorts in the First Annual Mayor's Great American Mexican Food Championship Cook-Off. The title is about as ponderous as Mayor Lew Murphy's verbiage. It was Murphy who cooked up the cook-off in the first place by bragging all over the place that "We" could lick any red chili on the block—or in the West.

Unfortunately, according to the judges supposedly emanating from Mexico, we came in fourth out of five, losing to Santa Fe, Phoenix and Albuquerque, and beating only El Paso. This last accomplishment is of little significance, as the El Paso folks actually brought with them and displayed the product line of Old El Paso in cans, which probably tells you why they weren't that hard to beat.

Well, there's good news along with the bad. The bad news is we got aced by *Phoenix*. The good news is that after years of searching for edible Mexican food in the entire Valley of the Sun, we now know where some is: El Bravo, 8338 N. Seventh St., run by a little lady named Carmen Tofoya.

Carmen was Terry Goddard's secret weapon. She told me Terry eats lunch there all the time, which means Terry takes long lunch hours, because that's a long way from City Hall. Which means if Terry ever gets to be governor, he'll be like Bruce Babbitt in one more way. He probably won't show up for much of anything either. But I digress.

Tucson's losses were really not as big as it seemed. First, the scoring was very close: Santa Fe, 26; Phoenix, 23; Albuquerque, 20; and Tucson, 18. Second, Tucson was represented, quite ably in the scheme of things, by Ray Flores, Dora Alvarez and the folks at El Charro. The rest of these burgers sandbagged us by bringing a whole slew of cooks who did one dish each. All but Phoenix.

Carmen was smart enough *not* to bring any other Phoenixians with her. We were outnumbered, folks. Try it this way—it took all the ersatz gringos from everywhere in New Mexico to knock off *one* Tucson restaurant in a close fight. Feel better now?

The loss really should be attributed not to the quality of our Mexican food, but to the ego of Lew Murphy. I asked Lew the one question that was in the back of everybody's mind: Where in the hell is South Tucson? He told me honestly, if verbosely, that South Tucson had not been invited for two reasons. First, the other towns would claim we were double-teaming them. Second, South Tucson would kick Tucson's ass. I thanked him for his candor.

No one seems to be quite sure why the three other announced attendees—Los Angeles, San Diego and San Antonio—were no-shows. There were rumors that L.A. begged off because of some noise about coming to "Mecham Land," but it would appear the real reason was they couldn't find a chef who wasn't named Pierre and didn't want to put capers in the enchiladas. Well, there's real Mexican food in L.A., but I imagine that most of the yuppies who run the place now have never turned off the freeway at Boyle Heights and found it.

There's other real Mexican food in the L.A. area—like in places called San Fernando and La Puente. For a sample, try Taxco in Baldwin Park. It's been there for thirty years or so and is owned by former Tucsonans.

San Diego failed to show, but they at least admitted they couldn't find a chef. My old friend, John T. Hamilton III, self-exiled from green corn tamales

to La Jolla after fifteen years in Tucson and a guy who really knows his enchiladas, claims there are two edible spots in the San Diego area. He highly recommends Gordo's on Adams Avenue. And in La Jolla, a place called Don Juan on La Jolla Boulevard. He does tell me that he waded through tons of industrial waste over the years before finding these two, and hopes that his hearty endorsement of them might be worth a free meal along the way. Hint, hint.

I must disqualify myself from any discussion of anything that has anything to do with San Antonio, as my views on this city were permanently warped in 1961 after spending eight weeks of basic training at nearby Lackland Air Force Base.

Part of the reason Santa Fe did so well was that somebody determined that fifty percent of the score would be based on appearance, not taste. Santa Fe's point men, Scott Almy of the St. Francis Hotel, and Bill Weiland, who was picked to represent the winners of the chef's competition, made whatever they did look real pretty. All entries were numbered and anonymous, but it wasn't that hard to detect a certain style and flair that was Santa Fe's.

The boys from El Paso may have a legit complaint when they claim they are the only city that doesn't "gringofy" their food to cater to tourists. I'll accept that, mainly because no tourist would have any earthly reason to want to go to El Paso in the first place, so whatever they do there, they do for themselves.

Credits should go to several folks for putting on the whole gig. Rick Suhl, general manager of the Tucson Doubletree, and his staff for use of kitchen and supplying both the ingredients and the Javelina Cantina; Lauri Bracker and Associates for the PR work that sounds so glamorous but really means a whole lot of scut-work details; America West Airlines, for picking up the tab for the participants and the judges; and last, but probably most important, Lew Murphy's sixteen-year alter ego, Bill Kimmey. Bill was the guy who used to remind Lew about all the little details, like what town he was in, where and when to show up, and so on. No politician's chief of staff ever understood his role or did it better than Mr. Kimmey.

One final note on Murphy. KOLD-TV has announced he will become their new political commentator. Before you groan too loud, just think of all the fun the rest of us are going to have demanding equal time. □

Columnist Emil Franzi and his sometime stringer, Dave "Ol' Sarge" Hanley, were national co-founders of Rednecks for Social Responsibility, a momentous occasion they vaguely remember from a blurry 1981 night in Long Beach.

Nu REVUES

Poco Loco 3840 E. Speedway

Some of the best sausages and burgers in town. Gratefully, the Poke acquired the former Chicago Dogs next door and has maintained the quality. Bratwurst, kielbasa, knockwurst and just plain hot dogs start at \$2.25 with multiple add-ons.

The basic burger begins at \$3.25, and features the same list of options. I asked for a rare with cheddar cheese and actually got it rare, on a big Kaiser with lettuce, tomato and onion. Chili burger is large, messy, spicy and good. Big order of french fries is \$1.10—they use real potatoes and can go one-on-one with Pat's. Other menu items include a patty melt, and, for the wimpy, tuna- and egg-salad sandwiches.

One of Tucson's oldest brand names and most underrated eating spots, tucked into some, uh, interesting Speedway territory. Restaurant is open 11 a.m.-9 p.m. daily; bar stays hopping 'til 1 a.m. 326-7637. —Lone Ranger.

Robert's 1101 N. Alvernon

Robert has been at it in this location

for about ten years. He learned how by spending the previous ten years with his father-in-law, Gus Balon, over at his restaurant at 6027 E. 22nd St.

Robert's is well known for putting out a great breakfast, starting at 6:30 a.m.; order the homemade cinnamon rolls early, because they sell out. I was most impressed by several items noted at lunch. At 2 p.m., the place was still full, and they hadn't run out of any luncheon specials. The waitress immediately notified us that the soup was not homemade that day, and slipped an ashtray in front of me without being asked, probably noting the ciggies in my pocket. That's four-star sensitivity for us otherwise-hassled smokers.

Most expensive thing on the menu is a top sirloin steak at \$4.50; cheapest is a grilled-cheese sandwich for a buck. I had \$2.65 worth of meatloaf, which included mashed potatoes, veggies, roll, coffee and the best brown gravy for miles. Oldest daughter got a reasonable amount of roast beef with the same extras, except that she chose the lemonade drink option, for \$3.15. Solid food, great service, and low prices. What else could you ask for? Closes at 3 p.m., Mon.-Sat. 795-1436. —Lone Ranger.

Red Robin Burger & Spirits Emporium Tucson Mall

Whether dropping from shopping, or just embarking on a tour of the mall but feeling less than enthusiastic, this very red, cheerful emporium at the southwest entrance will snap you out of it. You'll find scarlet tables, crimson seats, shiny gold and red ceilings and even shinier walls, but the whole effect is softened with healthy, real plants and fringed hanging lamps. If the decor is still a bit much, opt for a patio table and spy on other shoppers. The young staff has a jolly time dishing out the world's 28 greatest (they claim) gourmet burgers and 33 beers—21 of them imported varieties such as Tsingtao from China, Moosehead from Canada and Red Stripe from Jamaica. Every regular burger boasts a third-of-a-pound charbroiled patty, seasoned with a 21-spice recipe (secret, of course) and served up on a custom-baked, sesame-seed bun. It comes with steak fries too, because, they say, "a burger without fries is like a hug without kisses." Well, some of us stiff-upper-lip types prefer less display of affection, but I have to say the fries were nonetheless crisp and tasty. You might try them with No. 22, Her Majesty's Royal Burger, crowned with a fried egg, three lean strips of bacon, and All-American cheese (would Queenie allow that?)—\$4.75. Not all the meat is red, but it is darn cutesy—other burger options include pineapple-ham-and-cheese or North Atlantic cod. The chicken-breast burger is marinated in butter and garlic, topped with guacamole, cheddar, salsa and the normal lettuce, tomato and mayo—too messy to be hand-held. We've heard good things about one of the nonburger options, Clam Strips and Chips (\$5.50). Shopping frustrations driving you to drink? Red Robin can help with Nuclear Iced Tea. Or you might better identify with a Suffering Bastard from the Shephard's Hotel in Cairo—light and dark rum, orange juice, curacao, etc. Happy hour 4 to 7 on weeknights; restaurant open from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 a.m. to midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Credit cards; wheelchair access. 292-0888. —Limey.

Scordato's on Broadway 3048 E. Broadway

The place in midtown for business movers, downtown politicians and discriminating shoppers to be seen over the long noon hour sipping pricey Chardonnay-by-the-glass and nibbling multi-colored pasta salads. So don't show up looking scraggly on your day off unless you don't mind running into half a dozen associates in fine

suits and perfect hair (trust me, I know this).

Despite its A-list clientele, however, this is also a place to sit back, feel comfortable and remember an earlier, more relaxed Tucson, thanks to the pleasing lines and contours of its Broadway Village architecture by Joesler. You can feel like you're dining in the round turret of a castle. If you're lucky, you'll be seated in an arched window framed by a tall scheflera, or out on the patio under an umbrella (just tell yourself you're in a Tuscan village and block out all the Sunbelt traffic whizzing by).

The bar, in particular, is intimate and sun-filled, boasting one of the better wine lists in town. The menu has Italian favorites like minestrone and veal, as at the competing Scordato family restaurant in the Tucson Mountains—a local institution that is more traditionally continental and often attracts an older crowd.

Here the choices are rounded out by lighter, trendier salads (such as chicken and pesto or pasta with tuna and caper sauce) and terrific fresh seafoods (including daily specials like sea scallops or salmon). Most are in the \$6 to \$14 range.

Opens at 11 a.m. on weekdays and noon on Saturdays, and generally closes about 10 p.m. Closed Sundays. Credit cards; wheelchair access; 323-3701. —Hungry Heart.

El Torero 231 E. 26th St.

Where else can you find eight-foot wall paintings, genuine imitation hanging plants, a stuffed swordfish on the rear wall and some of the best Mexican food in town?

El Torero caters to anyone craving a taste of the Tucson that Lew Murphy brags about. Run by Michael and Bradford Hultquist, Mexican Scandinavians (it says so right on their business card), the restaurant offers an authentic feel of Mexico. Around Christmastime, the resident swordfish is decorated with a string of brightly colored lights.

The menu is extensive but a little heavy on red meat. Along with the usual a la carte items—burros, chimichangas, tostadas and tacos—there are about fifteen combination plates and full-course dinners for the truly hungry. There's also a small selection of seafood featuring flounder and shrimp Veracruz style. I had the flounder once but found the fish was cut too thin to be moist and was drowned in a rather bland sauce with overcooked vegetables. My advice is to stick with the beef or the turkey.

Yes, El Torero uses turkey in its poultry dishes instead of chicken. The owners say they are more comfortable using it because it is leaner and does not have the

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problems of steroid and bacterial contamination possible with chicken.

There are two dinners on the menu that have become favorites with the El Torero crowd I know. Number 8, a combo of cheese enchiladas, beans and rice (\$3.25), is just right for a light meal. The enchiladas are covered, but not drowned, in a tangy enchilada sauce. The beans are topped with melted cheese and are not the dry sticky variety found in so many would-be Mexican restaurants.

If you aren't so fond of sauces but want a meal that won't leave you hungry, try the carne seca combination (\$5.95). The spiced beef is shredded into tiny strips and mixed with peppers, onions, tomatoes and chiles, ready to be wrapped in a paper-thin flour tortilla and devoured.

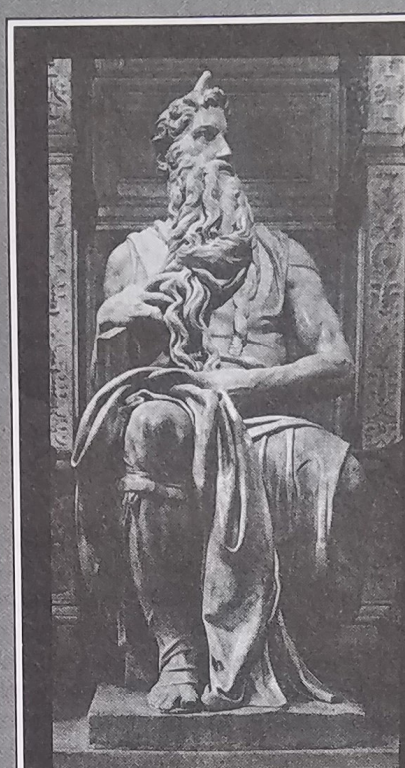
El Torero also is known for green corn tamales, served with lots of melted cheese; La Bandera, a trio of enchiladas in Mexican flag colors; and icy-cold Mexican beers. (They'll even bring you a wedge of lime if you ask for yuppie Corona, but save yourself the embarrassment and order a Bohemia.)

The corner jukebox has about 200 choices, all picked by the restaurant's owner, and loads of personality. There's a good selection of Mexican traditional music along with the Beatles, Jan and Dean, The Monkees, Tommy Dorsey and Julio Iglesias.

The only real disappointment is the salsa. It's the thin Tabasco Sauce variety that is hot but lacks any real distinctive flavor. I much prefer the northern Sonoran variety that brims with chunks of tomato, onions and cilantro.

Located just west of South Fourth Avenue and tucked slightly back from the street, El Torero is tricky to find the first time, but if you're like us your car soon will memorize the route. Dinner for two, with beer or wine, will run about \$20. 11 a.m. to midnight. Closed Tuesday.

—Nearly Native.



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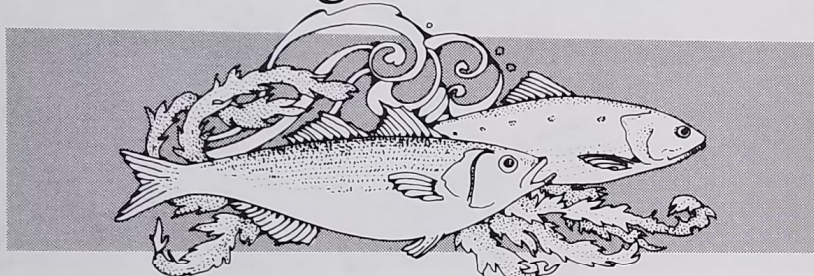
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ENCORES

The Big A

1818 E. Speedway

The original UA student burger and beer hangout, but it takes kindly to outsiders. Decorated with felt banners from colleges all over the country and sports photos, this place will bring back memories of every college town. Wood tables, low lighting, and counter service — good reasons to relax after a bad test, or a day at the office. The burgers are charbroiled the way you order them and they have hearty toppings: mushrooms, onions, cheese, guacamole, etc. You'll always find adults becoming kids drinking mason jars of beer — but it's usually fun. Some mixed drinks available. The prices are cheap, burgers from \$2.05-\$3.15. Limited wheelchair access. 11 a.m.-9 p.m. Closed Sun. 326-1818. —Country.

The Bagelry

2575 N. Campbell

I've been looking for a real bialy for ten years. I don't mean that puffy, onion-en-crustured mound of dough that passed as one for so long in this town. One doesn't have to be a snob to sneer at such a travesty. Just think what the bialy bakers of Bialystok would say. Well, I found it, as that once ubiquitous bumper sticker said. Go to the Bagelry and try an authentic, delicious bialy with a smear of butter or a dollop of cream cheese and feel good again. While you're there, you'll find well-baked

bagels at 6 a.m. They're the largest in town and come in all of the popular denominations (onion, garlic, pumpernickel, seeded, plain, etc.). New York baseball fans don't receive special consideration, but they appreciate the decor, which is N.Y. Mets modern. Surprisingly, it goes well with KUAT-FM music. The service is smiley, and even waiting in line is quick. You could sit down and snack, but I prefer buying by the dozen and rushing home. Plenty of flavored cream cheeses by the pound. This is a Back Easter's taste of home. Limited access. Mon.-Sat., 6 a.m.-8 p.m. Sun., 7 a.m.-2 p.m. Cash or check only. 881-6674. —Back East.

Cafe Ole

121 E. Broadway

It's still downtown's boho coffeehouse serving the caffeine strong and the pastries and sandwiches fresh. A local hangout for actors, dancers and photographers who frequent the inner city, it's a great place to read and relax while waking up or sneaking a work break. If you hang out here long enough, you're bound to meet friends doing the same. Bring a backgammon game if you're shy. Everyone is hip and interesting looking. Counter ordering and inexpensive food. Theater and musical events in the evenings. Wheelchair access. Beer and wine. Mon.-Thurs., 7 a.m.-2 p.m. Fri. and Sat., 7 a.m. 'til

2 a.m. and Sunday, it depends. 628-1841. —Country.

Cafe Terra Cotta

4310 N. Campbell

From the folks at Gourmet To Go, this is southwestern nouvelle cuisine, upscale dishes with desert flavors and secrets known only to Chef Donna Nordin. Pizzas from a wood-burning oven that are mouth-watering. The meatloaf is bathed in chile sauce, the chicken breast with roasted garlic and goat cheese sauce sounds odder than it tastes, and even the steak sandwich has its own pesto. All excellent. The desserts will put you into insulin shock. A beautiful place to power-lunch, carefully designed in muted earth colors. This place is not just the latest rage; it's great food. Average meal \$9. Full bar. Non-smoking section. MC, Visa, AE. Mon.-Thurs., 11 a.m.-10 p.m. Fri.-Sat., 11 a.m.-11 p.m. Sun., 4 p.m.-9 p.m. 577-8100. —Country.

Janos

150 N. Main

Somehow, Janos has managed to re-create the leisurely grace of El Presidio as it must have been more than a century ago and slide in upscale '80s flavors without treading on sensibilities. In fact, the result is elegance in a laid-back Tucson way. In a restored adobe from the 1850s on the Tucson Museum of Art grounds, diners overlook the museum terrace and chew away in serenity without the

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normal reminders of what civilization has given to the antacid industry. The food is creative, excellent and expensive. Lunch for two, without booze, ran \$35 with tip. Dinner may set you back twice that much. But the bread before the meal alone is worth the trip. The fare is Continental, with Sonoran touches. For instance, the soup wasn't cream of something, it was chili and squash. They mix in mesquite-smoked bacon and salsa with the tortellini and poached oysters. They break out more veal, beef, lobster and oysters in delicious ways at dinner. At lunch, the grilled shrimp and smoked duckling on stir-fried bok choy not only tasted exquisite, the arrangement was almost too beautiful and color-coordinated to eat. Ditto for the braised spirals of chicken stuffed with prosciutto and Roquefort, served with bright pasta. The desserts are richer than the diners, and if you can't finish the outrageous chocolate-bourbon mousse, they politely wrap it in a foil swan to be sent home with you. Don't miss the bar, a Rory McCarthy creation. The waitresses hover, but don't take themselves too seriously. This is a place to be nice to yourself. AE, MC, Visa. 884-9426. —Cholesterol Kid.

Brunch at Jerome's
6958 E. Tanque Verde

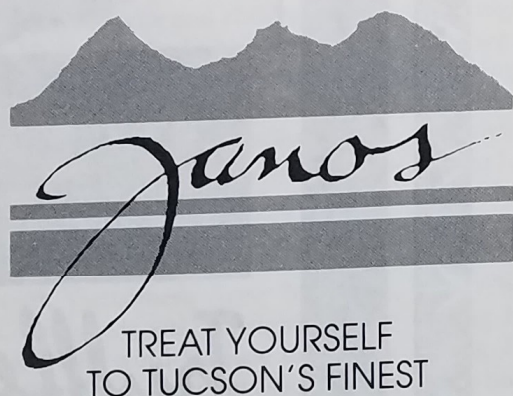
Brunch is among the more decadent inventions of us capitalist eggs, ranking with the hot tub, *USA Today* and the Cadillac Seville. First, brunch implies sloth: sustenance for a people too indolent to rise for an honest

breakfast on Sunday, and who have to fold two meals into one sitting. Second, brunch is a drowning in cholesterol: a generation of heart surgeons will buy Seville's on the revenue generated by brunchers. So let's not think of the New Orleans Sunday brunch at Jerome's as brunch. Let's donate owner/chef Jerry Soldevere a new word: N'Orlunch. This buffet, accompanied by recorded jazz, is too good to groan under the baggage of a cliched and dreary name. For \$12.95, N'Orlunch diners get a glass of champagne, two forays into the buffet, and dessert. There's an assortment of salads and cold appetizers, and the usual build-it-yourself green salad, along with fresh fruit, spiral pasta with shrimp and several New Orleans specialties. The second foray scores three or four hot entrees and as many vegetables. Soldevere changes the spread every week; the only constant is that most of it breathes fire. A recent Sunday found shrimp Creole, eggs Benedict, Cajun-fried chicken and lamb stew. For those who can't stomach brunch without eggs, Soldevere himself mans the line to cook omelets. Sunday brunch, 11 a.m.-2 p.m. All major credit cards; wheelchair access. 721-0311. —El Paso.

North China #2
5849 N. Oracle

If you've ever eaten in a big-city Chinese restaurant, you're familiar with black plastic pagodas with hanging red tassels, red lanterns and red booths (which are very comfortable). Is the Far East red

or what? The menu groans with more than 175 dishes listed in both Chinese and English. I've fronted this place enough paychecks to be convinced they come as close as possible to authentic Sichuan cuisine in the Old Pueblo. I recommend their twice-cooked pork, hot and spicy lean strips of the pig in a pungent sauce that bites the tastebuds and makes you yearn for plain white rice. If you're in the mood for everything, the Dragon Phoenix is the dish that might slay you. Potatoes cut and twisted into the shape of a basket are deep fried and stuffed with sauteed chicken breast, shrimp and beef in a light sauce with baby corn ears, broccoli and onions. North China offers the full array of appetizers, battered and fried. Try the dumplings; they're done with a twist. It's a combination of spicy pork and ground beef and the dough is fried lightly, not in a vat. You might find a new favorite. Average price for a dish is \$6.95. Service is efficient, but the atmosphere not nearly as good as the food. A word of caution: When you call for a takeout order, check to make sure you've gotten everything. They have a bad habit of forgetting the accoutrements, like the pancakes for moo shu pork. They have three other locations, but I haven't gotten to the others yet. Lunch buffet and daily specials are inexpensive, and the portions are so generous they spill from the plates. Limited access. Major credit cards. Sun.-Thurs., 11 a.m.-10 p.m. Fri. and Sat., 11 a.m.-11 p.m. 887-9419. —Country



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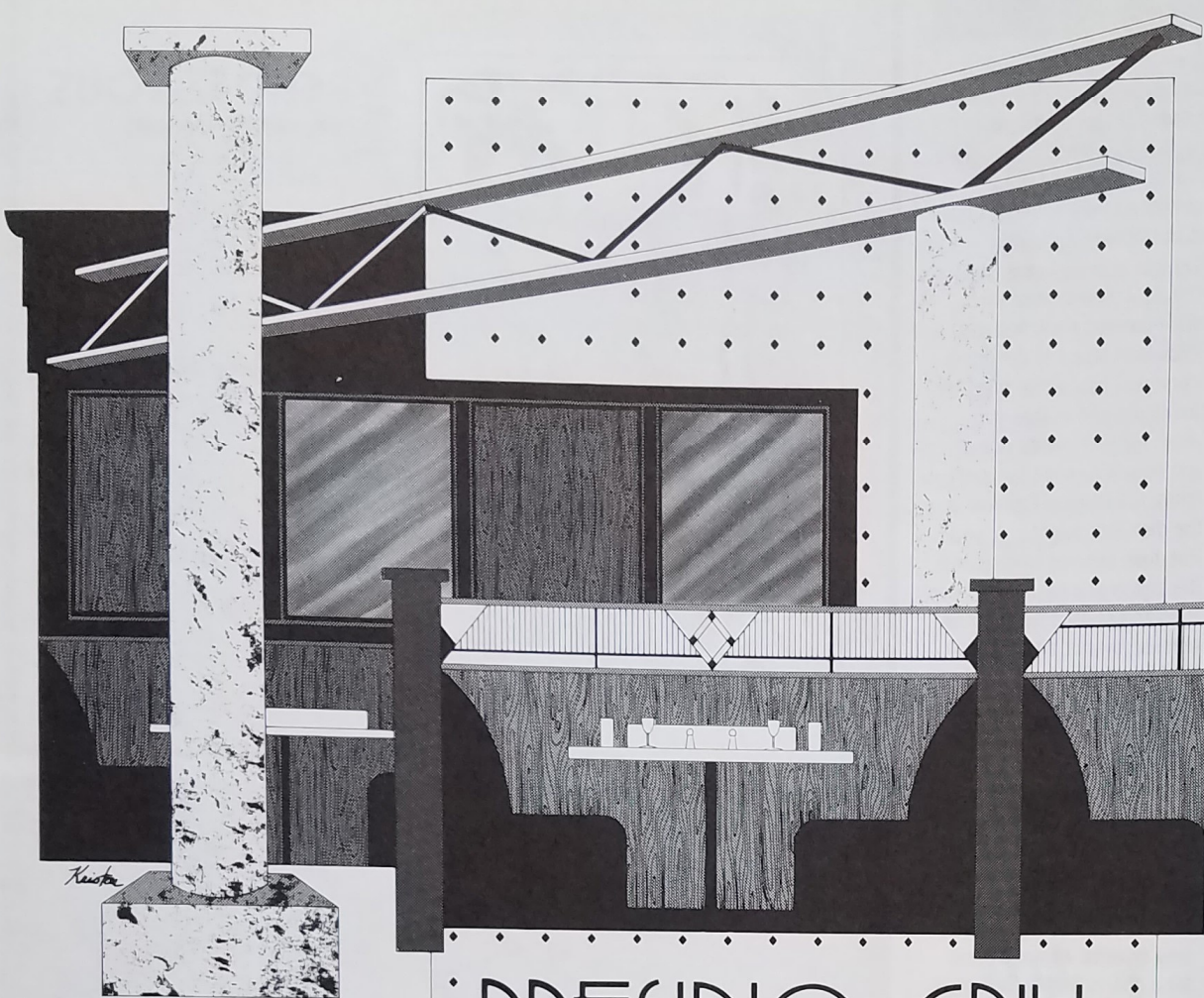


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Salvatore's
3627 N. Campbell
Mom and Pop moved from

Detroit and ended up cooking great Italian food in our backyard. There's something exquisite about a leisurely multi-course meal in a storefront shopping center. Northern specialties glide from homemade pastas to barbecued steaks and chops. The wedding soup (chicken-base with small meatballs) could ring church bells, the salads are fresh and laced with light, cheesy dressing, the garlic is serious. Average lunch, \$4, average dinner, \$9. Beer, wine. AE. Lunch and dinner. Closed Mon. 327-0777. —Country.

St. Mary's Hot Tamale Factory

1014 W. St. Mary's Road
Slow down, you've already passed it—yes that joint with the faded sign. There's no number on the building, but you'll find it. The prices are dirt-cheap, and the burros possibly the best in town. On weekends, bring your bucket for menudo. Paper-thin tortillas and excellent tamales. This place is a monument to the reason Tucson is not Phoenix. Be there 10 a.m.-6 p.m. daily. Closed Sun. —Desert Rat.

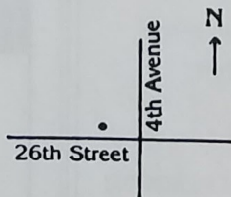


EL TORERO

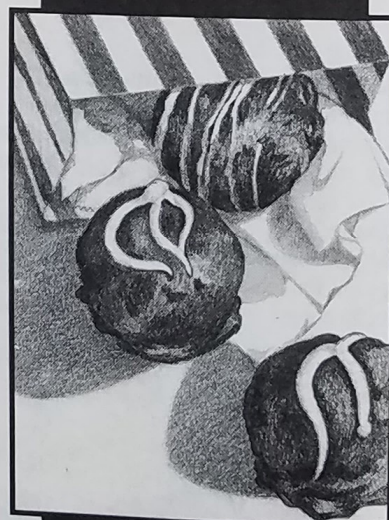
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DESERT NOTES



Bettina

Tet, the most important traditional holiday celebrated by the Vietnamese people, is observed on the first day of the first month of the lunar calendar. Commerce is suspended for three to four days, ancestors prayed to, debts paid. In 1968 the celebration fell on the last day of January. Both sides in the war had agreed to a truce for the holiday. At midnight on the 31st, nearly 70,000 soldiers of the North Vietnamese Army and the Viet Cong launched simultaneous attacks on every urban center and significant military target in South Vietnam. From the DMZ to south of Saigon, civilian and soldier alike were swept up in the fighting. By early March, when the offensive finally gave out, 2,000 American soldiers, 4,000 South Vietnamese soldiers, and approximately 50,000 of the enemy had been killed. Nearly 6,000 civilians were killed and 8,000 listed as missing or kidnapped.
—The Editor

STILL IN SAIGON

BY SHEILA McNULTY

"It's very difficult in town. The Communists hide behind windows and shoot at us. We cannot use huge guns—afraid to hurt our people and damage the buildings."

When the Viet Cong run out of food and ammunition, the fighting ends. Who lost? Vu answers, "The civilians."

Tet is short, the war is long. It is night along a river, and Vu is on a boat when a shell hits it. He goes overboard. He now thinks of that night when he looks in the mirror and sees a two-inch scar along the left side of his face. He is eating dinner one night when the soldier next to him takes a bullet in the forehead—"I remember the food still in his mouth." The night marches are hard—"One person is awake and we hold each other's clothes, and we asleep and walking. We cannot stop, we don't have time to."

"After South Vietnam surrendered to the Communists," he says, "I was still in the jungle. But when I got out, I saw flags everywhere. 'That's their flag,' I say. I cry and was afraid. I could not eat or sleep for three days. I numbed my feelings and I hide."

When Saigon fell, Vu spent the next seven years going from house to house hiding from the Viet Cong. Finally, the North Vietnamese captured him and turned him over to the Viet Cong. He was stripped down to his shorts and tied to four stakes in ground. They poured sugar over him and left him in the sun. Ants crawled on his back and chest, eating the sugar and leaving a string of bleeding sores. At night, he was tied to stilts under a building, and the rats gnawed on him. He escaped camp that night.

He tried to flee Vietnam twice. Once a storm stopped him; the second time, the boat he was on

was stopped, and he jumped into the river and swam back to land. His brother was caught and sent to a re-education camp.

Vu and fifty-four others escaped in a boat from Saigon on May 18, 1982, with Vu piloting. They were at sea for three days, each member of the party getting a daily handful of rice and three sips of water. They docked in Singapore, where he lived in a refugee camp for about eleven months.

In 1983, he made it to the States. Vu learned English from watching television. Now, he thinks of his wife and his children, ages seven, thirteen and sixteen. "If I didn't have children," he says, "I would do suicide. I'm still alive for them."

"In the United States, I have trouble with communication. When people ask, 'How are you doing?' I answer the same way every day—I'm fine.' I feel it's a lie if I say I'm very good. I still remember I lost my country. I lost my family. I lost my language. I had high class in Vietnam. And now I work as a custodian. I need to do something else. I need someone waiting after work. Now I got no home. I got a house—a place for living, not a place for a home."

Now he stays by himself, keeping away from others. He thinks he needs time to heal. He senses he must find something to change his life, to get him "high class." He wants to learn more English. "Maybe someday God will send to me better English and better skills." In some ways, he thinks, his life was better during the war. Then, he had a reason to fight, a purpose. He knew who he was, where he was, and what he was doing.

"I don't want to hear about past times. It makes me feel pity."

But what he wants doesn't much matter. He is a middle-aged man, afraid to sleep at night. And when he does sleep, he dreams.

"I see bloody faces, lost arms. Sometimes I see myself killing a lot of people. I shoot and shoot and they still are coming at me. I shoot and they still coming. I feel, 'Oh, my God, I don't want to kill them.'"

"Why do they make me kill them?" □

Anh Vu is forty-two years old now and a janitor in Tucson. Once he was another person in another world. He speaks English with the aid of a dictionary, and he moves his hands as he talks. You can see his feelings in his face—he has many feelings. He left his wife and children in 1965 and went to war. He has not had a real home since.

This month is the twentieth anniversary of a Vietnam war battle named Tet. Many Americans have forgotten those days when a military force, once dismissed as guerrillas in black pajamas, penetrated American zones all over South Vietnam. Anh Vu (not his real name) has not forgotten.

It is February 1968 and he is in military intelligence for the South Vietnamese Army in Saigon. "We think the Communists will not fight, but the Communists broke their word because they think we don't pay attention. The Communists kill a lot of civilians, any people. People just run, run, run. I heard of a woman who carried a baby and used a big towel to wrap her baby in and hid in the church. But the baby didn't cry and she didn't nurse. But still the mother sing her songs. Others hiding in the church asked why don't you nurse? And some went close and smelled that the baby die long time ago. The woman lost baby and get crazy."

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NOTES

CANCION DE MI PUEBLO

Serefino Flores, a Yaqui, thought Tucson special enough to write "El Corrido de Tucson" fifteen years ago. He recorded it with a trio, using only guitars, and performed the song occasionally in local bars and clubs.

It was all but forgotten until Gilbert Velez, leader of El Mariachi America, revived it, added a new arrangement, and recorded it for an album, "Ay Tucson, Arizona," due to hit the stores about now. And also due to take its rightful place in recording history as the first mariachi album on compact disc.

The eight-year-old group has played concerts from Los Angeles to Europe. In the fall, Gilbert worked with Linda Ronstadt and arranger/songwriter Ruben Fuentes, paring a body of fifty songs down to twenty. Linda recorded with Mariachi Vargas.

In November, Velez and three members of his group finished work on a Hallmark Hall of Fame television movie, "The Stones of Ybarra," that stars Keith Carradine and molten-hot Glenn Close. (The Tucsonans perform four numbers in the film and did the soundtrack music.)

El Mariachi America consists of fifteen musicians (fourteen from Tucson), and they perform at Velez's own place, El Mariachi Restaurant. The group puts on a crowd-pleasing show—they wander among the tables, joke with the customers, scatter instrumentalists around the room for some surprising musical effects—every night (but Tuesday) from 7:30 p.m. until 11:30 p.m., and for Sunday brunch from 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. at 106 W. Drachman.

—Arturo Carrillo Strong, Ken Nichols

El Corrido de Tucson

Words and music by Serefino Flores, 1975

Abridged Spanish version and English

translation by Gilbert Velez, 1987

Arranged by George Bejarano

English Translation

At the foot of those mountains
you can see my beloved city,
Tucson, Arizona.
I want to see you always,
when you were a small town
you were in my blood.
Since I was a child,
I have loved you.

I walked your streets,
where I would visit my girlfriend,
your silvery, moonlit nights
are always with me.
Oh beautiful desert, that shelters the city.
From a distance,
you look like an oasis.

Oh wondrous city,
the fiestas at San Xavier.
It's the soul of an Indian that is born,
who lives and will die
in this region.

Oh Tucson, Arizona,
you are full of culture,
from Mexico came the Mariachi,
from the Yaquis came the Pascola,
Tucson, you have it all.

You have always been
the gem of the desert,
your sunsets are dressed in red,
lighting up the painted horizon.
Fruit from the saguaro,
meat from the deer,
throughout your mountains
there is a feast.

And now I must go,
goodbye to my old pueblo,
I wish to return
and never leave again
because nowhere in this world
is there a sky so beautiful
as the one above that
filled me full of life.

Al pie de aquellas montañas
se ve mi ciudad querida,
ciudad de Tucson, Arizona.
Yo quiero volverte a mirar
pueblito bonito te llevo en mi sangre
desde que era niño te quiero yo así.

Tus calles yo las anduve
cuando iba a ver a mi novia,
tus noches de luna plateada
están siempre dentro de mí.
Hay lindo desierto que cobijas el pueblo,
que así en la distancia
cómo oasis se ve.

Ay ciudad tan hermosa,
las fiestas de San Xavier,
es la gloria del Indio que nace,
que vive y se muere
en aquella región.

Ay Tucson, Arizona,
cultura la tienes también,
desde México traes tu mariachi,
el Yaqui, el Pascola,
lo tienes todo Tucson.

Tu siempre lo has sido y eres
la joya de aquél oeste,
tus tardes se visten de rojo,
pintando el horizonte de luz.
Fruta de Saguaro,
carne de venado,
allá por tus montes
gozamos también.

Ya con está me despido
mi querido pueblo viejo,
deseando volver a tu seno
y nunca volverte a dejar,
porque no hay en el mundo
un cielo tan lindo
como el cielo tuyo
que me vio nacer.

HARTBURN

The second time around, a former staffer can't find relief.

At age thirty-one, after twelve years of living out of an overnight bag and hopping on campaign planes around the country, Tucsonan Steve Rabinowitz is addicted to politics. Once, on a Gary Hart campaign flight a few years ago, he saw a flaming engine on takeoff and felt the tremendous rush of realizing they might go down and not everyone would die. The plane landed safely, but the rush didn't go away. Now when Rabinowitz explains the lure of politics, he subconsciously describes a similar sensation—of having to perform under fire to be one of the survivors, in an intoxicating world of action and power.

He's plied his trade as a national advance man for candidates from Mo Udall to Gary Hart to Geraldine Ferraro, and he was press secretary for Carolyn Warner in her gubernatorial quest. His is a transient life in which an eighteen-month job is about the longest anyone can imagine. But from 1983 to early 1987, Rabinowitz had an anchor—his commitment to Gary Hart. Since losing his first-choice candidate last spring, he was a free agent, doing an early trip for Al Gore, dabbling over the summer for Mike Dukakis. In recent months, he arranged events and specialized in satellite hookups for Paul Simon, and was thinking of cutting a permanent deal with that camp.

On the startling December day that Hart threw himself back into the race, his former advance man from Tucson talked about the conflicting emotions racing through him. Like other ex-staffers around the country, he had to decide whether to get back on board for another wild ride. He already was scheduled to fly the next day to New Hampshire to put together a Simon gig.

Anytime any of these guys get into the race, it's exciting for us hacks. But for me, it's especially exciting to follow Gary. I organized a trip to Texas for him right before everything blew up. He left the swing for a week-end in Washington, about which we all now know so much. I knew when it happened it was terribly damaging. But I didn't believe, at the moment I heard it, that it was all over and that he'd drop out.

When he did, it was shocking. It was even devastating. After the shock, I was angry at the media—but I was angry at Gary, too. It took a little longer for some staffers to get to that point. I think some people still don't blame him that much; there are others who blame him for everything. I had to question: How much did he really want the job?

Now, after everything's gone down, I'm not concerned about that anymore. Of all these guys running—several of whom I admire very much, several of whom I've worked for—none of them want the office the way I've seen Gary Hart seem to burn for it.

I want to work for the guy I think is going to make the best president, but there are a couple of personal considerations, too. On the one hand, I think Hart's is almost a more desirable campaign now, for a would-be staffer, than it was before. It will be much more casual, not taking itself too seriously. It could be a lot of fun. The prospect that everywhere Gary Hart goes for the next couple of months, the media will follow—that's tremendously attractive.

The media mobs are fun for me, because media is what I do. Even knowing that they're coming to do a dump-on-Gary-Hart, or a laugh-at-Gary-Hart story—that's fine, because he can hold his own. I think we're going to get past the personal questions pretty soon in the major media. But every time he goes into a city for the first time since getting back in, the local TV reporter will ask a question about character. And I hope he'll have a "none of your damn business" answer. Still, it will play over and over—we're going to hear about Donna Rice in every background piece that's ever written about him.

But I think there's something working for him. His strategy obviously will be refusing to talk about his personal life, refusing—I hope—to even discuss morality and character as an issue, other than in this context: "Yes, character is an issue. Who would send soldiers off to what kind of war? Who would allow his subordinates in his administration to violate the law? Who would spend the country into serious, serious debt? These are the kind of character issues that are important." He'll have the advantage that reporters are going to be a little afraid. I think they're going to back off and they're going to think maybe this guy's already been beaten up enough, and gee, maybe he's right, maybe we ought to actually ask him about the issues.

Who knows what people really think about him? I think we are going to see people who say, look, it doesn't matter to me, it's none of anybody's business, and then they'll get in the voting booth and say I'll be god-damned if I'm going to vote for somebody like that. At the same time, I



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THE INDEX

lggy's view of the underbelly of life

- Estimated portion of Zambia's adult urban population that is infected with AIDS: 1/5
- Backlog in shipments of rubber gloves to U.S. doctors and dentists (in weeks): 6
- Total World Bank aid to African nations in 1986: \$2,937,000,000
- Total U.S. aid to Iowa farmers in 1986: \$3,700,000,000
- Percentage of 18-to 24-year-old whites who voted in congressional elections in 1986: 22
- Percentage of 18- to 24-year-old blacks who voted: 25
- Number of individuals currently barred from entering the United States: 2,000,000
- Portion of the immigrants to the United States who settle in California: 1/4
- Percentage of public kindergarten students in Los Angeles who are Hispanic: 62
- Number of workdays lost each year because of headaches: 157,000,000
- Percentage of recruited student athletes (Division 1, NCAA) who graduate: 67
- Percentage of all students at those universities who graduate: 59
- Telephone calls made and received by Twentieth Century Fox chairman Barry Diller each day: 150

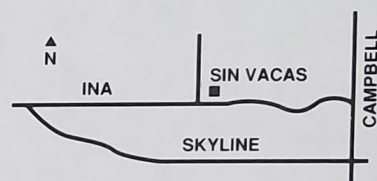
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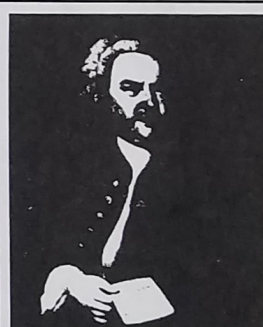
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THE WAR BETWEEN
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HOUSE ON FIRE

A REPORT FROM
THE TRENCHES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JACK W. DYKINGA



Broadway at Country Club.

*Dear Landlord,
Please don't dismiss my case.
I'm not about to argue,
I'm not about to move to any other place.
Now, each of us has his own special gift
And you know this was meant to be true,
And if you don't underestimate me,
I won't underestimate you.*

—Bob Dylan, "Dear Landlord,"
© Dwarf Music, 1968

I first saw Tucson in April 1957, when I was twelve years old. My family took a bus ride out Broadway, and from about Swan onward the asphalt

punched through a lot of creosote. Wilmot marked the end of the known world.

Everyone who moves to Tucson has similar memories, only the borders change. When I was a kid growing up on Sixth Street and Plumer, my neighbor would talk of hunting quail at Tucson Boulevard before the Second War. Now I feel a thousand years old. I drive through subdivisions where I once hunted.

All of us live with warm memories of this place. People like me cling to a simpler, smaller town and regret the explosion of numbers here. Many in this business community remain almost locked in an era when a few



guys downtown met over lunch and decided the city, a time when slamming down a development required little more thought than getting the financing. We are all out-of-date. And none of us is going to be very happy with Tucson's tomorrows unless we snap awake and realize this.

If Tucson were a house, it would be a house on fire.

We live in the past because we are afraid to confront the future. And the future is screaming toward us whether we approve of it or not.

We all speak a dead language, one peppered with words like growth, no-growth, development. If we keep it up, this town may die. For decades,

Tucson has hosted a fight between people who supported the city's expansion and people who were appalled by it. During that time, the boundaries of this community have exploded. The parks, roads, public transportation, the simple, sane plans for creating a decent city—all these items—have failed to appear.

We have created ugly streets, ugly river beds, ugly apartments and ugly subdivisions. We have looted the Catalina Foothills, slaughtered the ground near our national forests and monuments. We have let automobiles determine where we live, and now each day we all poison our air. We have had countless meetings about

plans that we never agree upon, or if we pass a plan, it's one we never adhere to. Now we are struggling to create a Comprehensive Plan to set land-use guidelines for the entire metropolitan area. Many wonder if this effort will be yet one more failure.

We have botched the basic job of everyone in this city: the job of leaving a decent city behind us as our handiwork. And we have created an absolute stalemate between those spooked by the rate of change and those economically invested in rapid growth.

On the one hand, we having growing blocs of local citizens who question the plans flung at them by developers. This town has defeated

every freeway ever put to a vote. This town, based on polls last summer, overwhelmingly favored a buffer zone around public lands, a move temporarily stopped by the state supreme court. Thanks to the contempt of public officials, neighborhood groups have arisen all over this city, flocking to the polls and speaking out on any threats to themselves. This is called Not In My Neighborhood by many politicians. Others call it democracy.

We all ignore the consequences of thousands of people settling here each year, all of them needing paychecks. Our air is turning into filth, our water use is rising, our traffic is a mess, and our desert is being butchered willy-nilly.

Numerous satellite communities are now on the boards for this metropolitan area. The sprawl that has taken place in the city proper will soon be repeated on the far east and northwest sides.

We seem devoted to repeating mistakes of the past. In the next fifteen or twenty years, thousands of human beings may join us here in this valley.

And we may be about out of time.

At least that is what some people in this city think, people who stand on very different sides of the issue of change.

They feel we have a year, two years, maybe three years, to agree on some kind of plan or guidelines, or it will not matter. The bulldozers, cement trucks and surveyors' stakes we all see everyday on our way to work, these active economic forces will have made all our decisions for us. And we will have to live with those decisions. We will not create a city, or think a city, or plan a city. We will simply inherit a holding pen full of people, a place thrown together in great haste and without much thought.

This city will be the one we must live with for a long time. The present boom will end—booms always do—and the city will have been built. Tucson will probably attain its maximum size within a generation, within fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years. Our descendents will think of us, and they will not have fond thoughts. We will have killed one of the last good places.

Listen to the voices arguing about what this city must do and how much time, if any, it has to do it. They are the warriors from past battles of growth vs. no-growth, freeways vs. mass transit, regulations vs. no regulations.

They have not mellowed. But they have learned. They disagree about a host of matters. But they too are spooked by what they see happening.

Some of them think we are running out of time. Some of them think it is already too late. Not simply to make the right decision, but to make any decision at all.

—Charles Bowden



Wanda Shattuck led the fight against the Rillito-Pantano Parkway in 1984, helped get the Neighborhood Protection Amendment in 1985, helped elect Iris Dewhirst to the Board of Supervisors and Janet Marcus to the City Council. She is a volunteer.

Well, I was listening to a lot of people pontificate in a land-use meeting and I already had my sunglasses and my keys out on the table for about forty-five minutes. It was starting to get dark and finally we were released, and I had one foot in the car and three men in suits came across the parking lot who had appeared at the meeting about halfway through. They introduced themselves and held out their business cards. So, of course, being a polite person, I introduced myself.

They said, "Who are you with? Who do you work for?"

I said, "Why, no one. I'm a volunteer—kind of full-time."

And they said, "You're not one of those neighborhood people, are you?"

I said, "No." And I thought for a minute, and I said, "Actually, I'm a political-environmental-terrorist. And by the way, you guys ought to check with some folks down here before you run that bill—the Westinghouse Bill—through the legislature again next year." And this one chubby man about turned pale and started to quiver, and another young guy who seems pretty sharp said, "Don't worry. We will. We will." [The original bill would have allowed Westinghouse to set up a quasi-public special district to pay for core services in a new development, while future residents gave up the right to protest its annexation.]

They hadn't been here very long. They'd obviously just moved to town.

Ten years ago, no one could understand me because I broke out of the mold of what I had always been—a nice, Junior League matron doing good works and being on social service agency boards. Never politics. When I changed, people I had been seeing for years at social functions just started shaking their heads, and in the beginning tried to intimidate me. I broke out because of the freeway—it brings up images of everything I don't want to happen. I got sick of seeing everything being trashed.

I thought I needed to do something about this. I was kind of at the point where I was just going to retire and play around and have fun. But when the freeway came up, it upset some of us so much—and I wasn't alone—there was a little core of us that just rose up and decided we were going to kill this thing.

Once I got involved and put my toe in the water, there was no turning back. Now it's just full-time. But, of course, I learned how to have fun. It's fun, or

no one would hang in there and do it. If political strategy and that sort of thing appeals to you, well, once you get involved, you are an addict for life.

I'm sick of the indiscriminate bulldozing; I'm sick of the lack of attention to topography and making things fit in. I'm not fighting for my own lifestyle—I'm the daughter of a rancher and my husband is from Bisbee, and we both have an affinity for open spaces. The growth isn't going to stop.

But we're so based on the building industry—you have to have more of an economic base than tourism and homebuilding. I fear the recession is already here, and I don't want to see a lot of homebuilders go belly-up—that's not good for anybody. I'm not out to drive them into bankruptcy.

We don't have time. We have to begin now. I'm not so pessimistic as to think that nothing good can happen. But you are not going to get a hundred percent good and people who think they are going to get a hundred percent power and get things a hundred percent their way are fooling themselves.

I think we needed the force of those folks who fought the road tax to bring things more back into balance. The business community has learned that they have to deal with folks at the other end of the spectrum.

The Comprehensive Plan blew up because the folks out there—the new out-of-town boys, the big developers—hate dealing with the county. Marana has this new surge of ambitions. And Oro Valley basically said to Pima County, "We're not playing anymore. You go do your thing, you have no right to tell us how to plan our town."

The Comprehensive Plan was going so slowly and becoming so mish-mashy. Part of that was fear on the part of the county, that if they made it too detailed and too restrictive, all the developers would go into Marana and Oro Valley. Well, they did it anyway. And they are doing it.

American Continental [a \$5 billion Phoenix corporation] and the Steinfeld Trust have already started a procedure for Marana to annex their property right up to the edge of the Saguaro Monument West. That is scary because they haven't voiced any commitment to protecting the parks and monuments. The county is shrinking daily in what they have control over. The big stuff is going into Marana and Oro Valley.

It's too late to stop urbanization at the Catalinas. We know that. Under the old Comprehensive Plan, they had hoped that would be the line so that when you drove north of that you would realize you were no longer in the city.

It's too late; it's exploding out there. We need to concentrate on some kind of open space to define the edges of those satellite communities. You don't want total sprawl like in Phoenix. Otherwise, we are just going to be the typical Sunbelt city.

What I want as a realist, realizing you can't stop a lot of this stuff on the Northwest Side, is this: I would like to see self sufficient satellite communities separated to a great extent by low density and/or open space. I don't want a strip city. Twenty years ago I would have said I wanted it all rural out there, but that is not going to happen. I want communities with their own identities. Otherwise we're going to have the Los Angeles freeway system here, and that would be a disaster.

I'm kind of optimistic, I think we've got a seventy-five percent chance of success. But I'm not good at forecasting; I just keep on going.

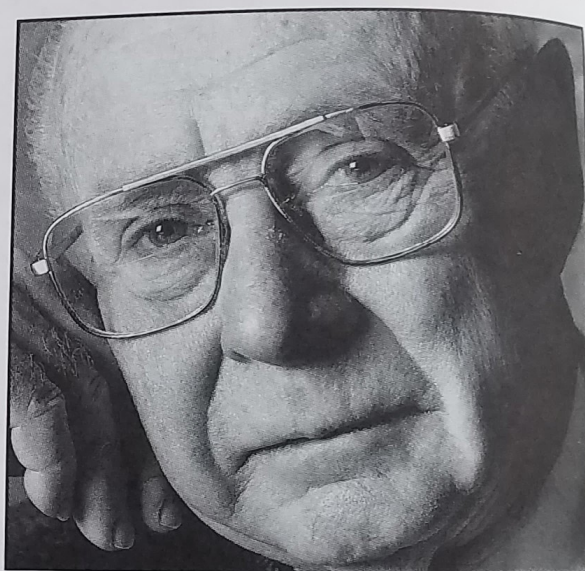
Now, there is another little problem: the natural allies in the environmental/neighborhood side are in this terrible power struggle over who is going to be the big power broker. When you're invited to the table, there are always other people who call you traitor for negotiating. What those people really

want is to be invited to the table, and when they are, they're going to find out that you can't take it all.

We've got hardly any time at all. We've got a year, maybe. You have to win some major battles to be invited to the table, but once you're invited, you must not be too greedy. I think the time is ripe. All the forces in this town that are natural enemies are paying attention.

How many of those people out there who have the resources to get things done, how many of them honestly believe that they can get the whole loaf? Do they really think the other folks are just going to fade away?

If something doesn't happen in the next year or so, it'll be a total mess.



Roy Drachman, eighty-one, has lived in Tucson all his life. His family arrived here in the 1860s. He has been a player in major real estate transactions in southern Arizona for decades and currently co-chairs the committee to hammer out a Comprehensive Plan.

The thing that bothers me about these neighborhood associations—I understand that there is something like two hundred neighborhood associations—is that they don't think about the entire community. They worry about their own little turf. I don't blame them for that, it's natural. But there comes a time when you've got to think about the whole community. I feel it's dangerous to have neighborhood desires thwart the development of things that are needed.

I think some developers think of the entire community. We've had bad developers here, there's no question about that. Every community has had developers do things that are bad for the entire community. That should stop.

But take an example: Aviation Corridor. It's been approved, it's planned, and one neighborhood, El Presidio, is very unhappy with it and that's too bad. But I think for the good of the entire community, it's important to have that thoroughfare built.

Now we have a politician, John Kromko, who wants to overthrow the actions of the City Council and the state highway department and the county highway department and throw it open again for further discussion. I think he's wrong. The excuse he uses for doing this is that it's not in the best interest of the El Presidio neighborhood. Well, I think this is too bad. If they'd built the Rillito Pantano Parkway, it would have been built right up against my house. I would have had some noise there. But I wouldn't have opposed it. I think if I don't like that noise I should move.

The Howard Hughes deal of 1951 took place in a different world. I heard from a friend that Hughes was going to build a plant somewhere in the South-

west. Del Webb called me from the Hughes plant at Culver City, California, and said there's people arriving in Phoenix at two o'clock that afternoon—and it was about eleven o'clock—and he said, "I'd like to have you meet them and show them around the state." He loaned me an airplane. We looked at Albuquerque, we looked at Phoenix and Tucson.

The night they decided to come to Tucson, I was out at Monte Mansfeld's house with them—they were very suspicious people. They would never go to a public place and meet. They wouldn't go to the Chamber of Commerce, they wouldn't come to a real estate office. They'd go to somebody's home or they'd meet in a hangar.

It was eleven o'clock at night, and General Eaker of Hughes said they'd decided to come to Tucson provided they could pick up a mile of property around the north side of the airport and the east side of it. Monte Mansfeld was sitting on the floor his living room, and he said, "Roy, you've got a job. You've got to get those properties tied up by two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

I called the assessor to get the records of ownership, and he met me at his office at 6 a.m. By two o'clock I showed up at Monte Mansfeld's house with the options tying up all the property. It was done in about fourteen hours.

Then they wanted more land. The word got out I was looking for land, so people started calling me and we ended up having 32,000 acres under option, and they bought 20,000 acres at an average of \$95 an acre. And then Howard Hughes said he wouldn't pay a commission to any real estate agent. Tex Thornton, a Hughes executive, said, "Roy, don't worry about it. We'll add the amount of the commission to the Del Webb contract and they'll pay you." It amounted to about \$90,000, which would be more like half a million today.

In those meetings, we had the mayor, the chairman of the Board of Supervisors, we had Monte Mansfeld, who was the president of the Airport Authority and the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. It's an entirely different world now; it's entirely different than 1951. In 1951, it was a lot easier than it is now to put a deal together.

The regulations, and some of them are a little ridiculous, are very tough on the homebuilder. The pattern has changed, the big homebuilders have become land developers and sell the lots to small builders who can't afford to go through the long waiting period of buying land and waiting to get it rezoned. It takes a year to two years to get all the approvals. Business has changed.

Has there been a war going on here? Of course. And usually in wars there are no winners. There's certainly been a stalemate developed here. Growth is going to occur. Let's try to direct it and to handle it in a way that will not continue this unsightly development. So it will permit the developers to build good communities. Now they don't have much choice. They're not going to be able to get away with building ramshackle places.

The fight is all about people having a good lifestyle. That means that we don't just tear up the desert, that we don't disregard the floodplains and the natural things here. That we do try to preserve the beauty of our desert.

The biggest thing they're fighting about is density, and people are just not being reasonable. If you don't want sprawl, you have to have higher densities.

How much time do we have before we get so bad we can't do anything about it? I'm not sure. The developers are disenchanted with the county. Other communities (Oro Valley, Marana) are disenchanted with the county—they don't trust the county. We've seen development spread over into

three nearby counties—Pinal, Cochise and Santa Cruz—and those developers are giving a message that "we want to provide housing for the Tucson market, but we don't believe we can do it successfully within the county because of the regulations." If this persists, we're going to have a chaotic situation. Marana or Oro Valley could thwart the best laid plans of Pima County. Particularly if we don't get going on this Comprehensive Plan and do it soon in the next year or so.

I want all the neighborhood associations to come and say, "Here's what we want." I have lived here a long time, and at one time I owned a lot of real estate. I don't own any real estate now—I own my house, this office building we're in, and an eighth interest in Southgate Shopping Center. I don't care which way Tucson grows. I don't care if it grows to the northwest or southeast or wherever. But it's going to grow.

I have grandchildren that live here, and I have great-grandchildren that live here. I'm interested in seeing Tucson become a better place to live. I'm not going to be around much longer, but I think that while I'm here, I should work hard to make Tucson not a bigger place but a better place. I wouldn't object if the people who are promoting growth, such as the Chamber of Commerce, if they were to be told, "No, we don't want you to promote growth any more."

I think it's important to have jobs. When I grew up here and finished high school in 1924, a lot of the kids I went to school with couldn't afford to go to college. I have one year of college to my credit, but I had to quit and go to work. There were no opportunities here, there were no jobs. Steinfeld's department store was the largest business in town, plus the Southern Pacific railroad, the University, the city and the county, and that was about it. Many of my

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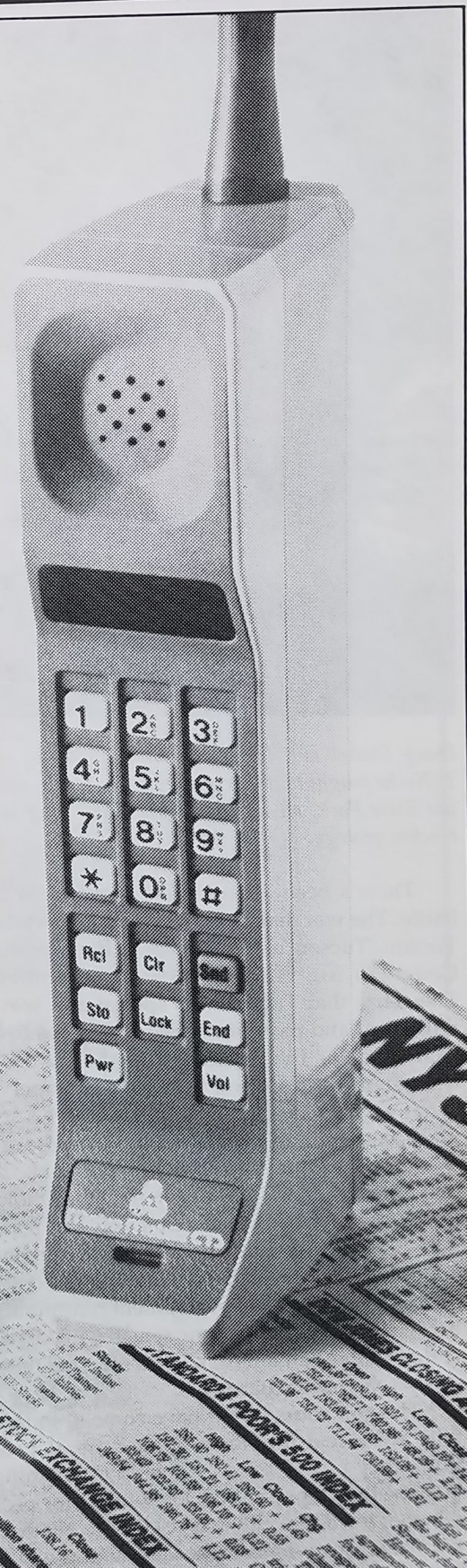
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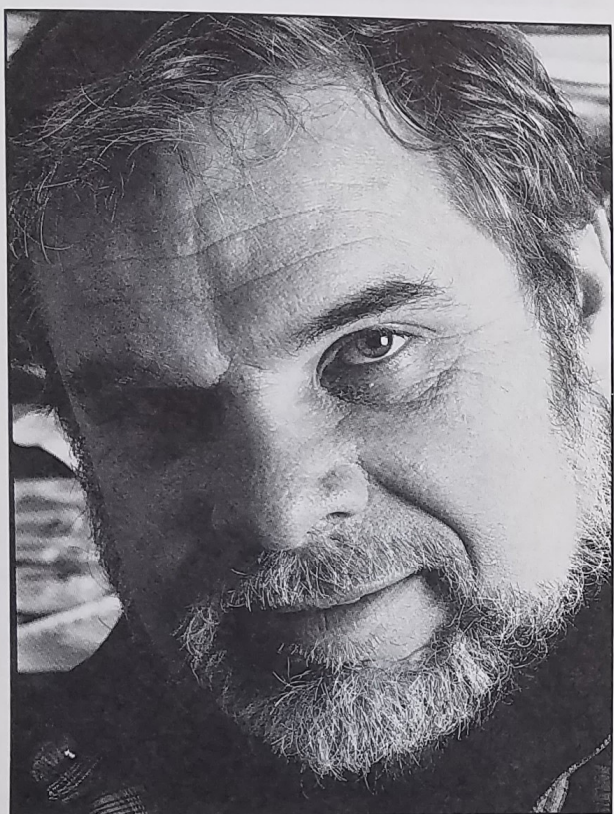
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friends left. What I think is important is that when young people finish their education in Tucson, they should have an opportunity to live and work here if they wish.

I don't think we should grow wildly; I wish there were some way to slow it down. But as long as the national networks have their weather programs in the morning showing how cold it is in Cleveland, Minneapolis, Chicago and New York, and how nice it is here—if you can stop those people from promoting Tucson, we can stop growing.

There are going to be 400,000 more people come here whether we like it or not. Growth and no-growth is not an issue. We should abandon that as a conversation piece, and let's get on with the idea of planning for the growth and doing something to make Tucson not just a bigger place, but a better place to live.



Doug Shakel is a local environmentalist. In the early 1970s he fought to preserve Rancho Romero—now Catalina State Park. He has lived in Tucson since 1967 and teaches geology.

There's been a battle here; it's been a pitched battle. The war here is nothing new; it is endemic to Tucson. Tucson has a Carmel, a Boulder, a Marin County, a San Francisco kind of contentiousness. The sense that Tucson was special and was being bulldozed and paved over began to come to a head again four or five years ago in the Iris Dewhirst campaign [for a seat on the Board of Supervisors]. What we have here are people who have a sense of place, versus people who *don't* have a sense of place.

The development community didn't used to sell that. The mountains have been here the whole time, the cactus have been here, but if you sold real estate here in the fifties and sixties, you sold green grass and palm trees—which have nothing to do with the goddamn desert. The development community now has younger people, more sensitive people, who realize that mountain backdrops sell, that mountain sheep sell, that saguaros sell.

The golf courses that have come in in the foothills are a real thumbing-of-the-nose at people. I think they offend more people than anything else because they represent the loss of land for people—whether it was the guy who used to go out there and try out his forty-five, or the lady who used to walk

her dog.

When the strangest collection of people I have ever seen got together and worked in a Republican primary for Iris Dewhirst, you knew something was up, that there was a change in the wind. Ed Moore really came into office with the same kind of platform. What this did was rejuvenate the environmental movement. When the city council was recalled for raising the water rates in 1976 and a few months later Ron Asta got thrown out of office [on the Board of Supervisors], there was a great feeling of despair amongst all the people that have a sense of place, whether they were environmentalists or little old ladies walking their dogs; a sense that we didn't have any control over our government, over the bulldozers. The Dewhirst campaign turned that around.

The troops got rejuvenated by seeing the public *could* have an impact. Big bucks in this town, so far as I can tell, have mostly been controlled from out of town. The Roy Drachmans of the world spend most of their efforts to convince out-of-town money to help them do things here. Drachman takes great pride in having all that land put together for Howard Hughes. I would be absolutely embarrassed as hell about that. What did Roy Drachman help Howard Hughes do? He helped Howard Hughes tie up twenty-two square miles of what should have been a growing Sun Belt City, and then the land sat there idle and stagnating for twenty years, or thirty years. Total irresponsibility.

Any other town in America had development by the airport; any other town in America had a rapid ingress and egress from the airport to the city; any other town in America had development along the freeway, the railroad—all the land that Howard Hughes bought. But not Tucson, Arizona.

And anybody that resented the Cowtown, Little Nongrowth, Silly Southwest Dustbowl Town image that this town had can lay it right at Roy Drachman's and Howard Hughes' doorstep. Well, not so much Drachman, because I don't think he realized Hughes was going to sit on the land that long.

The arguments in this town about growth are mostly phony issues. They were the business community spouting the old rhetoric. I don't know of any alleged no-growth who ever thought it possible to do it. Most people who pitched that line knew it was purely rhetoric, just like the developers pitched their rhetoric. People who use the term "growth" have paid no attention to the way things actually work. The only thing in nature that has an unlimited growth philosophy is a cancer cell—and it kills its host!

In the year 2000, the population of this city (in the metropolitan area) will be about 870,000. I'll be surprised if it is below 750,000, and there is no way it's going to be over 900,000.

I remember seeing predictions by Valley Bank and others that said by 1980 we were going to have a million people. Every census since the sixties in every western American city has turned out to be an "undercount." There's always this screaming, that the census has not counted all these missing people. Well, they're not there.

The explosive growth out here in the fifties and sixties was sustained by baby boomers. For all our continued growth, all those people are already born. They're not going to come here without causing a population decline in a Cleveland, a Springfield, a Kenosha, a St. Paul. And those towns have changed their attitudes, and they have turned those economies around. The Sunbelt does not attract people as much as it did. Yes, there will be growth, but one million by the year 2000? Pie in the sky!

The town is going to look a lot like it does now.

There will be more sprawl, there will be more infill. The air will probably be like it is now. I think all of the jurisdictions—the city council, the Board of Supervisors, Marana, Oro Valley, the town of Catalina—have got to come to a common agreement on where their turf is, and how their turf will be operated in a way compatible with all the other jurisdictions. What's been going on for the last ten years, and both the development community and the environmental community have been guilty of this and both sides have learned to play it very well, is if you can't get your way in the county, go into the city; if you can't get your way in the city, go to the county.

We've played that game all over this valley. If Marana wants to go up there and screw up the farmland and turn it into an Orange County, I think it would be very hard to find very many people in the rest of this county who give a shit about that. But if Marana decides that it needs the Tortolita Mountains, or it needs to go up into the ironwood forest, or it needs to take over the Tucson Mountains, there are people already living out there and they're going to turn *against* the city council of Marana. If there is anything that is going to incense people more in this town, it is another resort hotel or another golf course. People in this town are fed up with that approach to the mountains.

To me, a way in which environmentalist/developer peace could come about is for the environmental-neighborhood groups to convince some of the development community, and I think this could be beginning to happen right now, that we're not out to put them out of business, that we're not socialists, that we're not trying to take away their profits. We are, in fact, trying to convince them that they keep threatening the goose that lays their golden egg. I think things are moving in a favorable direction. I don't think it's too late.

I will tell you what Tucson should be like. San Francisco, which is denser than anything anybody here wants to see, is a livable city of forty-seven square miles. Ten percent of that real estate is *park*. This town, which is already up around a 120 or 200 square miles, has one key park, Reid, that is three-quarters of one square mile. A kid should not have to bicycle for two hours, to hitchhike, to get to some open space.

The second thing is everybody *expects* development to occur on the private land adjacent to the Coronado National Forest, to Catalina State Park, to Saguaro National Monument. What they don't understand is why it will look like the corner of Sixth Street and Country Club. New employees on city and county planning staffs, after two or three years on the job, become jaded and become wimps.

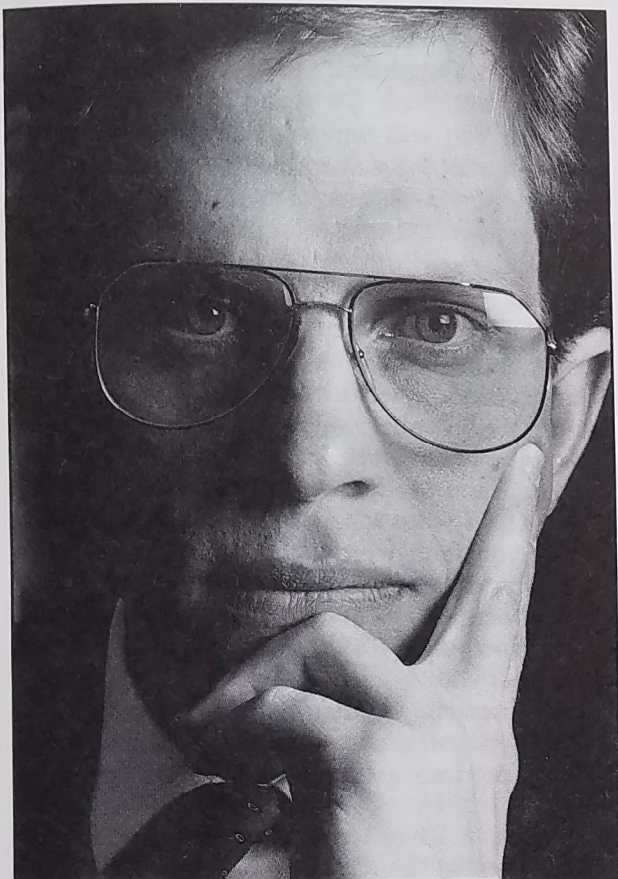
To me, Tucson could achieve a decreasing density toward the natural preserves; it could have a cross-linked natural wash and greenbelt arrangement so that wildlife could be sustained, viewsheds could be maintained. Quality of life is the prime goal in maintaining a future for Tucson that will keep it unique in the Southwest. If somehow Tucson could get quality instead of quantity as its private-sector goal, I think everybody would be real happy.

David P. Dolgen, Vice President, Forest City Development Group. Among the projects Forest City owns and operates in Arizona are: The Tucson Mall, Tucson Place Development, Northmall Centre Development, and Scottsdale Core Regional Center. He chaired the May 1986 Election Committee that passed \$220 million worth of bonds.

The real world is that we had a concept for a development [across the Rillito from Tucson Mall]

on fifty-three acres bounded on one side by a residential community of two hundred homes. We got involved in a very intense negotiation with that neighborhood that lasted about two-and-a-half months.

Level one was the introduction of the plan. The initial negotiation, level two, was plagued by an unnecessary amount of distrust. We were very proud of ourselves, because we thought we had produced a phenomenal plan. We had considered and anticipated many of the needs of the neighborhood and taken information from them and incorporated it. We went and presented it to a meeting of



about seventy-five people here in our building.

We thought things were in great shape after that meeting. But they really weren't, because we didn't realize the level of underlying distrust that there was in that group of developers and government. From the beginning to the end, the actual plan didn't change much. What changed was the level of trust and communication.

We and the neighbors both had to fight through this lack of understanding of each other. Their negotiating committee went through about fifty or fifty-five meetings. These are working people—there was one city policeman who had to take vacation time to help in the negotiations. There were accountants, lawyers, architects and schoolteachers. It's not easy for people who are raising families. Of course, we do this for a living. We're here all day long, and if we work fifteen hours, so what. We had to literally crawl, together, step by step.

Getting past the distrust was not easy, and I'll tell you why. A couple of political opportunists from outside the neighborhood saw a chance to enhance their own political position. They tried to get themselves involved in the issue; they went into the neighborhood and tried to organize and stir it up and spur distrust. They made the people in the neighborhood very anxious about what was going on. They knew how to play the press game, and they were playing it.

Fortunately, both George Miller and Ed Moore (it's their district) played more active, credible and effective roles. All the neighborhood wanted was to make sure their lives were not going to be adversely affected. If they could, they would like to have something positive happen. That's reasonable.

In the end, the neighborhood rejected the would-be political users. We wound up three days before the final zoning hearing, with the help of credible, elected officials, negotiating a full agreement. The neighborhood people went out and actually canvassed door-to-door with the agreement. They reached a hundred-fifty-three households and one-hundred-fifty-three endorsed the agreement. We went hand-in-hand to the City Council. What had been a great public debate two-and-a-half months earlier, turned out to be a lovefest. We were able to get past the great city-wide and county-wide debate—growth/no-growth, trust/distrust.

You could ask, how did Mikhail Gorbachev and Ronald Reagan get past their own internal political problems and get to the table and sign a treaty? Because of leadership. There is a need for leaders, and I'm not just talking about elected officials. I'm talking about people who care, who really have a sense

of the community as a whole and take up the challenge and run with it.

The world is being threatened with extinction from nuclear weapons, and Tucson has its own time bombs. The time bombs here are pretty obvious. Number one is economics/quality of life. We lose track of what people in this community face on a daily basis. We have a lot of poor people in this town. That's a time bomb for them personally. And we have a lot of people who are not poor but who have marginal resources.

For example, my father was an immigrant from Russia who didn't even have a high school education; who went to work in a factory the day after he got off the boat in New York. The fact that his children even graduated from high school, let alone went to college, was an enormous accomplishment in the context of his experience. There are a lot of people in this town who don't have reason to expect



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that those kinds of opportunities will be there for their children.

There are other kinds of time bombs. We come to Tucson, and we attract people to live here, and we stay here ourselves because we love the quality of life and the environment. It's a time bomb to be driving down to work and see brown air in the morning and worry about whether or not we're going to be able to see the mountains that we came here to live near. It's a time bomb, quite frankly, every time you get into your car and have to worry whether you're going to get involved in some kind of an accident on these crazy roads that we have. I travel Grant Road at rush hour, and if that isn't Russian roulette, I don't what is.

This town is not recession-proof, and that's a time bomb. Things have been very good here for a long time. Although the wages are not high, we've had a low unemployment rate. In a sense, Detroit was a Tucson thirty years ago. We've vested ourselves in only a few narrow types of industry in Tucson. You have ask yourself, is the kind of employment and economic base we're coming to depend on going to be able to sustain us, and provide people here today with economic choices and hopes for a better future for their families?

I feel very strongly about the Northwest Side. We have enormous resources in this community; the people in this town are extraordinary. The Northwest Side and the Far East Side and, quite frankly, any of the growth areas of town, are real planning opportunities. The problem is, we're very good in this community at defining the challenge, but we're not good at defining the opportunities, and we're very deficient at solving the problems.

Part of the reason is the rapidity with which this town has grown. Real distinct political points of view didn't have the time to develop and grow. In this town, it often has been very difficult, in sitting at a table, to determine who was speaking for which interests. You can be most productive in negotiating when both sides negotiate from positions of strength, knowledge and mutual respect. The neighborhoods hadn't organized, the business community didn't have a clear sense of itself. The community was too new. Now we have more and more people who have lived here and feel they have a vested interest in Tucson.

If we wait and stall, the problems will be broader. The ability to solve our problems is here today, so why hesitate? If we wait around, we're going to have a see-saw city, one that continues to have conflicts, and the conflicts will expand. More and more people will become dissatisfied with where the town is, or is not, going. Then we'll have swings, and what happens with enormous swings on a see-saw is you can actually get thrown off. No one in this town can afford to risk getting thrown off the see-saw, or for that matter, breaking the see-saw. We need balance.

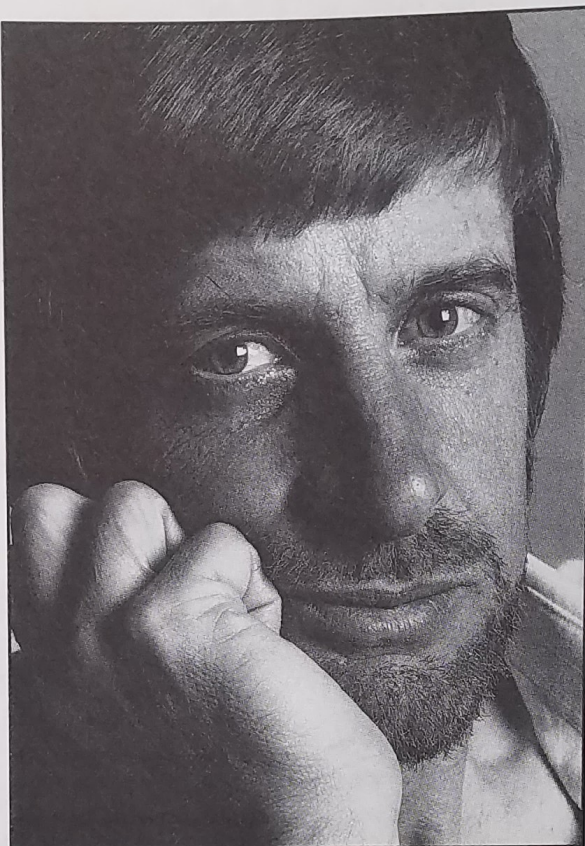
We're going to have more people, which is okay in itself. If we don't act, however, traffic will be worse, pollution will be worse, air will be darker. If the conflicts continue the way they are today, we will have a town that will be a product of unaccepted challenges and lost opportunities. It will result in sprawl and more air pollution.

We can grow without air pollution or sprawl. We can grow with expanding opportunities—a better university, and a higher wage base—without destroying our parks and our environmentally sensitive lands.

I love it here. I love running up Sabino on the weekends. I love the friendliness. I like the opportunities here for my kids.

I am an advocate for dealing with the issues now. When? I have three o'clock this afternoon

free—so why don't we get together. We should have done it yesterday. I don't think we have much time at all. We have to get down and deal.



David Yetman has been on the Board of Supervisors for eleven years.

Ironically, the time when you have the strongest environmental sensitivity in the community is when growth is the greatest. That's an ominous sign. People see more activity going on, and they link it with a decrease in the availability of the things they like.

Most people love to see open space; they don't like to see a lot of traffic. They like to go to the Desert Museum and see just a few cars. When you drive up on the Northwest Side and you see forty acres bladed, you see signs saying "For Sale" or "Available: Zoned High Density," that strikes a note saying not only is that going on, but there is more coming—and where is it going to end? The effect over a couple of years is that people then say, "We've got to get Tucson to stop."

The danger in the current power of the neighborhood-environmentalist coalition is that when the national slowdown in real estate gets down to us—and there is clearly going to be a national slowdown in real estate—when that happens, you have massive layoffs in the construction-realty industry. Then you're going to have a real community reaction from the thousands and thousands and thousands of people who depended on unbridled growth for their living. To that extent, there is a war brewing that would make any kind of war that's been going on for the past few years appear to be some kind of gentlemen's dispute.

The major problem is that there is a lot of money to be made in capitalizing on the fact that a lot of people want to live in Tucson. And that runs right up against the fact that a lot of people who live here like it the way it is. Those two forces can't go on. Tucson's economy has been built in the last few years on expansion, and that has brought the prosperity that has bred the luxury of having a neighborhood-environmental coalition.

If in the future, all the existing Pima County ordinances—including the buffer ordinance—were to be observed, and Pima County policies on leaving

washes in their natural state—which will probably be put in the buffer—if all of those were to be observed, if half the recommendations of the open-space committee were bought, the important areas would be preserved. If there is any achievement I feel proud of in my eleven years on the board, it is that the ordinances we have are so tough and demanding of developers that they all want to be annexed into other areas.

The idea of going into business is to make as much money as you can, both in the short run and the long run. And if it is easier to do that in Marana rather than in Pima County, then developers are just acting rationally.

In twenty years, what will this place look like? Toward the Catalinas it's not going to change much. To the Northwest it's going to undergo horrific changes. You will find relatively concentrated development all the way to the base of the Tortolitos; the entire ironwood forest area will have clustered development. Marana will either stay pretty much the same or be vastly expanded. If millions are spent on flood control, Marana is going to go bonkers—it's going to have twenty to thirty thousand extra people in the next five years.

It depends on national trends. The numbers of people are just not coming to Tucson. For the last five years, the average has been that forty-eight to fifty thousand people come here a year, and thirty-three to thirty-four thousand move on.

As you look west toward the Tucson mountains, you won't see much change. South will be more difficult—the Green Valley area could double in size. You've got E.C. Garcia ready to put in gobs of houses; you've got FICO ready to put in gobs. What's interesting is that the market for the Green Valley type of development has really slowed down. America's getting older, but not that much older.

I think if I had to place my bets right now, I would say that the days of the most rapid growth are done. You're going to have the anti-growth phenomenon here that is going to run head on into the economic factor—joblessness. The cost of housing is going to get greater. This is not going to be a cheaper place for people to go.

We've created a work force here that is largely now unskilled and poorly paid, and not terribly well educated. This is not a terrific job market. IBM is saturated; they're not hiring any more highly skilled people. Who knows what Garrett is going to do. The only industry that has really pushed is tourism, and it is one that does not have a skilled work force. Nor does it have good wages; as a matter of fact, it depresses wages.

Now with the building slowdown, which we already have, we're facing the problem of a smaller tax base with each year. Which means that to provide public services, since we cannot increase taxes under the state constitution, you either have to have more bond issues or you go backward.

Twenty-five percent of many local budgets came from federal sources—that money is gone. Pima County was getting \$8 million a year in federal revenue sharing; that's gone.

Government is going to become a much more unpleasant thing to have to be involved in. Somebody is going to get neglected, and the quality of life in Tucson is probably going to deteriorate. That's going to add to the frustration of those who saw Tucson when it was rolling with money. The war that is coming will make the disagreements between the developers and the neighborhoods and environmentalists seem very, very tame.

Somehow we are under the illusion—all of us who are politicians and are involved in this stuff—that we really are calling the shots. And it's really

national and international trends that are calling the real shots. We can protect the mountains, we can to a certain extent clean up the air, but in terms of making the place a really beautiful and vital, lovely community, we only have a minor role. We are part of an international machine that is in very deep trouble. It's real, and it is the biggest factor in the development of Tucson.

The only reason Tucson had the spurt of growth in the late 1970s was because things like IBM were happening, and IBM was predicated upon international expansion of IBM. If in our national budget all non-discretionary spending other than military were to be eliminated, if the entire Civil Service force were removed, we would still have a massive deficit. What does that tell you about the ability of the feds to provide services to keep communities like this going?

The war between neighborhoods and developers is going to continue. The only reason it matters is that there is fundamental contradiction among the neighborhoods: they want a city that functions on something besides the automobile, and they want low density.

The horizontal city, which is what neighborhood groups tend to want, is the most inefficient use of energy that anybody could possibly come up with. I think for all practical purposes that annexations in Marana and Oro Valley have condemned us to a city that is inevitably horizontal. We can only reduce it by degree.

The game is over in terms of trying to build a city that is a truly urban city like Toronto. For example, Toronto does not allow downtown parking. If you build a building there in the downtown, you are forbidden from providing parking. Here we mandate it, and the consequence is you are subsidizing the use of the automobile.

I think the reason why we have big community talk about a Comprehensive Plan is that we have been so successful in the last three years in getting good ordinances, and people are realizing that "Gosh, we got this much, let's go for more."

From a sheer survival viewpoint, there is a real urgency to controlling air pollution. Let's assume the EPA is abolished. Nevertheless, there are going to be enough health reactions here twenty years down the line that we've got to have some kinds of controls. Los Angeles-type of air in Tucson is going to endanger a whole lot of people's health.

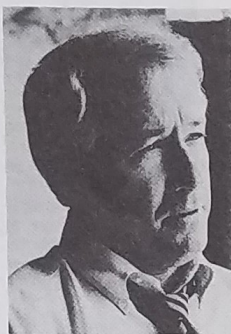
I've been on the board eleven years. I've realized that many public officials have an illusion that we really do have control over the events that take place and determine the character of the community. We have very little power. What taught me that, over the last three or four years, is that all of the ordinances that I thought we needed to have and the moves that I thought we needed to make, all these things have pretty much come true.

In spite of all that, we still have very little control over what goes on. The economic forces are such that if we did have control, we'd probably face a huge rebellion, because we are dealing with people's pocketbooks.

One of the supreme joys of living in Tucson is you have the beauty and you can bicycle to it. To me, that compensates to a certain extent for the explosion of the city. When that becomes impossible, a great deal of the magic of Tucson will be gone. To build a decent city takes a lot of money and either powerful restrictions or a long historical tradition which naturally guides people. We don't have that.

I don't want to live in a place where the mountain lions don't come because there are too many people. I know the lions are there in the mountains. The lions should be our best indicator of how our quality of life is going. □

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Jim Kolbe
U.S. Congress



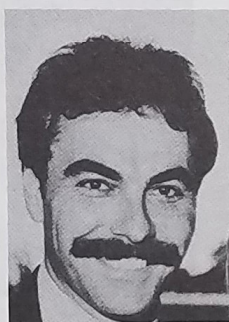
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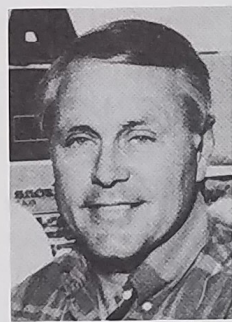
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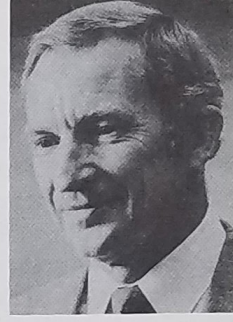
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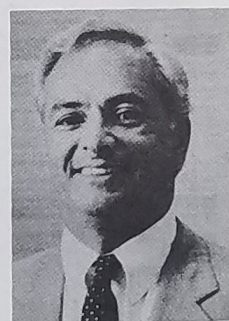
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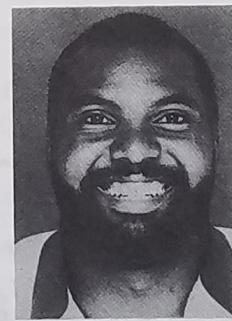
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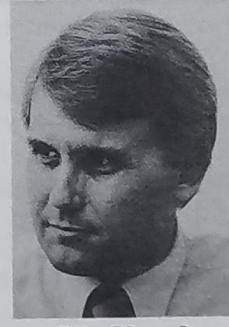


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The Shooter at Ventana Canyon

By Arturo Carrillo Strong



The bullets came very close. The ten scouts, the scoutmaster and his assistant fled down the trail in Ventana Canyon dodging rocks, mesquite and cactus. At the bottom of the mountain, they poured into the scoutmaster's pickup truck, and by the time the scoutmaster reached the first phone booth, he was fuming.

Milo "Swede" Walker, the grizzled veteran of twenty years on the police force and now six years with the Pima County Sheriff's Department as a sergeant, thought he



Photo by Jack Sheaffer.

Valenzuela.

Five years after the great scandals involving Sheriff Jerry Martin and County Attorney Bryce Wilson (who were convicted of accepting bribes from prostitutes), the sheriff's department was still struggling to gain a little respectability. Sheriff-elect Frank Eyman was doing the best he could to build the department into a police force instead of a political playground. Eyman had just retired as a captain from the Tucson Police Department and had been talked into completing the term of Sheriff Martin, who was occupying a cell at Florence prison.

In 1955, you couldn't keep up with all of the new streets and subdivisions that were changing the face of the city. The city was much smaller; food, housing and cars cost a hell of a lot less; the crime rate was nothing compared to what it is now; and drugs were practically unheard of. Nevertheless, we always seemed to be struggling to keep a lock on the bad guys.

When the shooting call came in, the dispatcher gave it to Tom Hanning, who was working alone and, therefore, was more expendable. Tucson, like most of the Southwest, was a gun-toting town. If you didn't wear your piece concealed, and if you didn't fire it within one mile of any residence, there wasn't too much anyone would say to you.

But this call was unusual and grabbed our attention, because people seldom called in shooting complaints unless someone was hit or they were "turistas." We called everyone turista who wasn't born here or who hadn't settled in before the start of the twentieth century.

Instinctively, Mike headed toward the mountain in case Hanning needed a backup. Then two more calls came in from hikers who had been shot at. Mike was getting pissed off again over these new people coming into town, walking all over the desert and mountains, getting lost or injured because they didn't have any respect for the area. Old-timers didn't climb all over the rugged mountains on foot. "That's what God created horses and burros for," Mike insisted.

It was getting so bad that the sheriff was asking for volunteers to start a search and rescue team. By the time Mike turned on Campbell Avenue, we got the call to back up Hanning. It suddenly seemed hotter; last night's "one more for the road" was beginning to punish us.

Then the field sergeant came on the air and told us to meet him at the end of the pavement on Campbell. We cringed when we heard his voice. He was an ex-Marine officer, a physical fitness freak who spent most of the midnight shift doing one-handed pushups off the counter. Tall and handsome, with big shoulders, his wife had left him a couple of months before because he was too good.

Without being told, Mike pulled

into the back of the small liquor store on Campbell and waited while I went in to get some snakebite medicine. Native Tucsonans with any sense never climb the Catalina Mountains (or any other mountains) without snakebite medicine. Seagram's makes about the best.

Hanning and the sergeant were mapping out their strategy when we pulled up. We offered to set up a base camp in our patrol car but were voted down. The muscular sergeant intended to storm the mountain, surround the perpetrators and preserve the right of every hiker and Boy Scout to climb the range. After five minutes of a "Halls of Montezuma" pep talk, we started our climb.

Half an hour later, we could barely see the steadily climbing sergeant. Hanning waited for us under a mesquite tree, and we had a precautionary sip of snakebite medicine, just to get our immune systems working. Half an hour later, we were standing near a cave that was a good way below the so-called window, Ventana, in the mountain.

The sergeant was no-doubt going to try and get behind the shooters, because he was heading in the wrong direction. We stopped under a large rock overhang that provided some shade. We were trying to figure out where the sergeant was going and where this shooter might be holed up when the first shot rang out.

We dived, Mike fell on the bottle and broke it, Hanning landed on a sharp rock and cut his knees up, tore his pants and was spitting out dirt. The shot had passed about two inches from my right ear as it pinged its way down the trail. We spread out, took a couple of shots at the cave and started yelling. We told the shooter who we were and he better throw his gun down and come out with his hands up.

We waited. Finally, just when we had decided we should all go down for more firepower, a tall, gaunt-looking man, wearing Levis, a faded shirt, boots and a beat-up straw cowboy hat, came out from behind a boulder. He put down the .30-.30 Winchester and walked toward us.

The heat, fear and relief at not being killed boiled up inside us. The arrogant sneer on his bearded face triggered a deep resentment in me for the turistas from Back East whom I mistakenly felt he represented. By the look on Mike's face and the tight-lipped Tom Hanning, the shooter was treading on thin ice.

Not having the Miranda ruling or the threat of reprisal by the Civil Liberties Union to hinder us, we grabbed the shooter by the scruff of the neck and took turns throwing him down the mountain. Unfortunately, the trail was narrow and he sometimes landed on rocks and cactus. The shooter cursed us all the way down, promising us he would have our jobs.

I told him that that might be true, but he wouldn't like the hours and he sure as hell couldn't live on the pay. By the time we reached the parked patrol cars, he was bleeding a little from falling on the rocks and had a few cactus needles sticking out of his body. We were dirty and tired. It was almost unbearably hot, and we didn't have but one jug of water between us as we sat under the shade of our patrol unit trying to catch our breath. It wasn't until after we had rested and caught our breath that we found out that our shooter was none other than Ted DeGrazia, the painter.

No house painter either, this guy painted Indians and mountains, road-runners and other desert creatures—and sold them, too. The end of a perfect day. When he gave Hanning his name and identification, I knew we were dead. The first thing that came to mind was walking a foot beat in Pasqua Village or a transfer to Marana.

There was a hell of a lot of commotion when Hanning called in and reported what had happened and who we had in custody. Hanning liked to create excitement and dramatized things a bit much over the air.

The area was soon inundated with patrol cars (cops are morbidly curious, too), and a short time later the sheriff himself arrived. The shooter was uncuffed, dusted off and disappeared into the sheriff's oversized Buick.

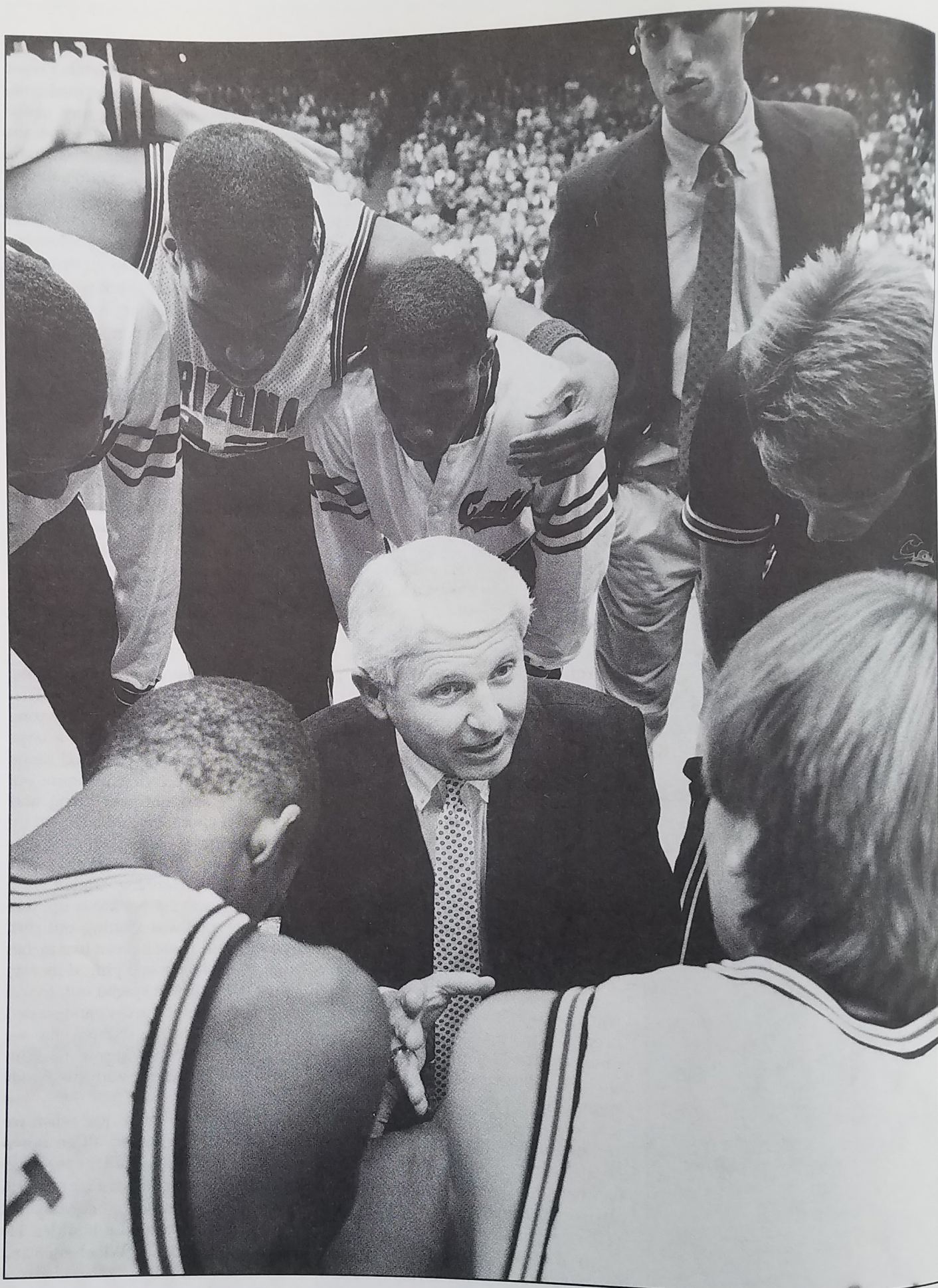
We never did find out exactly why DeGrazia was shooting up the countryside. The hikers and the Boy Scouts never did press charges and neither did we. Later, we heard rumors through the grapevine that DeGrazia was hiding some of his paintings in the mountains to avoid paying taxes on those he hadn't sold yet. He was also having personal problems and working too hard. He had simply flipped out again.

It was early evening, and we had finished our reports and agreed to meet at the Tally Ho for a drink to help us unwind, when the field sergeant walked into the station. We had completely forgotten about him. His face and arms were burned an unhealthy looking red, his spit-shined shoes were dirty and scuffed, his impeccably pressed and tightly creased uniform was tattered and torn, and he was bent over the water fountain for about ten minutes before he could speak.

Swede Walker had stayed over to make sure the report covered all the bases and to have a drink with us. He was sitting with his size twelves propped up on one of the detective's desks when the field sergeant came in.

Swede almost fell over backwards. He was forced to leave the room when the sergeant reported that he'd walked the entire mountain and was unable to locate anyone shooting.

"It was a false alarm," he said sadly. □



**HE CAN BEAT ANY TEAM
IN THE NATION.
BUT CAN HE BEAT LICORICE BITS?**

BY SHANNON TRAVIS STOLKIN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIM FULLER



The Olsons at home.

The setting is the elaborate Angel Ball, a glitzy winter gala at The Westin La Paloma where black-tied men and ladies draped in taffeta and silk have all but abandoned their champagne celebration. The crap tables are empty; blackjack dealers stand nearly alone. Few people are interested in mock gambling for charity. The \$200-a-plate dinners will be served late.

It's a game night in another way, too. A University of Arizona basketball game night.

Many have fled the festivities to the hotel rooms they rented in order to keep tabs on this UA-Iowa matchup in Iowa City. Those remaining jostle for a peek at a puny two-inch portable tele-

vision set up on the fringes of the makeshift casino. Iowa has been rated No. 3 in the nation; the UA Darlings of December, as a local columnist dubbed them, are rated No. 4. They've won six in a row and the season has just begun.

At this moment though, win No. 7 is in jeopardy. There are only seconds left and the UA leads by 3. A local attorney listens intently through earphones attached to the set. He calls out an impromptu play-by-play.

"Buechler is at the line," he reports. Scoring leader Sean Elliott has fouled out. The team's fate rests, quite literally, in the hands of a gangly six-foot-six sophomore sub. The crowd is silent.

"He makes the first shot!" A woman in silver sequins lifts her wine glass in a spirited, yet silent, salute.

"He makes the second shot, too!" the man, relishing his role as announcer, calls. The crowd closes in.

"Jesus H. Christ! What am I doing here?" bellows an obviously frustrated fan. "I coulda been at this game! I coulda been at this game...."

The man is shushed. Jud Buechler is at the free-throw line again, and the crowd has begun to agonize over his upcoming attempt. A five-point lead is not comfortable enough for this gathering. They want icing on the cake. Buechler sinks another two, and the room erupts.

A beaded handbag sails upward as uninhibited victory calls fill the air. Glasses clink. Strangers embrace. The band interrupts its set to announce the final score: UA 66, Iowa 59.

In the background, a familiar chant begins—homage to the silver-haired messiah who engineered the victory they so savor.

"Lute! Lute! Lute!"

To the uninitiated, the hysterical display of basketball mania at this elegant party may have appeared a fluke—a spontaneous response to an event that had grown dull. It was not. This was the social event of the season. And it was upstaged by a game of hoopball played by a bunch of college kids in a gym half the country away.

"Yes, I did hear that the Angel Ball was disrupted a bit," Lute Olson later allowed. "Maybe in the future they'll have to plan it so that it doesn't coincide with a basketball game."

Olson may very well have a point. In the four and a half years he has been at the helm of the Wildcat basketball program, Tucson fans have watched in fascination as the remnants of a 4-24 1983 team astounded experts with records of 11-17, 21-10, 23-9, and 18-2. They've brought home a Pac-10 championship and made three consecutive NCAA appearances. The fans love it. They fill the 13,124-seat McKale Center—this season was sold out before the first game was played. They love the players, they love the winning, they love the loud, wild mania....

But most of all, they love Lute.

"I didn't know much about him when he first came here, but now I know—I'm sure—that Lute Olson is the best college basketball coach in the country," says UA supporter George Kalil, who takes in every Wildcat game, even road trips.

Kalil and other fans admire Olson's style. They respect his recruiting success. They marvel at his win-loss record of 264-141 after his fourteenth year of major college coaching. In the eyes of most, he can do no wrong.

One couple postponed their wedding twice so they wouldn't miss a Wildcat basketball game.

Another couple, expecting their first child, considered naming the

baby Lute, in honor of their hero. Alas, it was a girl.

Despite their unequivocal adoration, few fans can cite more than Lute's squeaky-clean image, outstanding coaching record and an attraction to his dimpled smile to explain their worship. And they don't know what makes Lute Olson tick.

Born September 22, 1934, in Mayville, North Dakota, Robert Luther Olson learned early that to survive, he would have to work hard. Olson's World War I veteran father died when he was five, leaving a widow and four children to care for the family farm. Six months later, when Olson's oldest brother was killed in a tractor accident, Mrs. Olson did what she could, taking in odd jobs and working in a restaurant. Lute went to work when he was a fourth-grader, stocking pop machines and cleaning up at a local restaurant in exchange for "breakfast and a few quarters."

When Olson was sixteen, the family had moved to Grand Forks, N.D., Olson played center on his high school basketball team, and in his senior year, 1952, the team won the state championship.

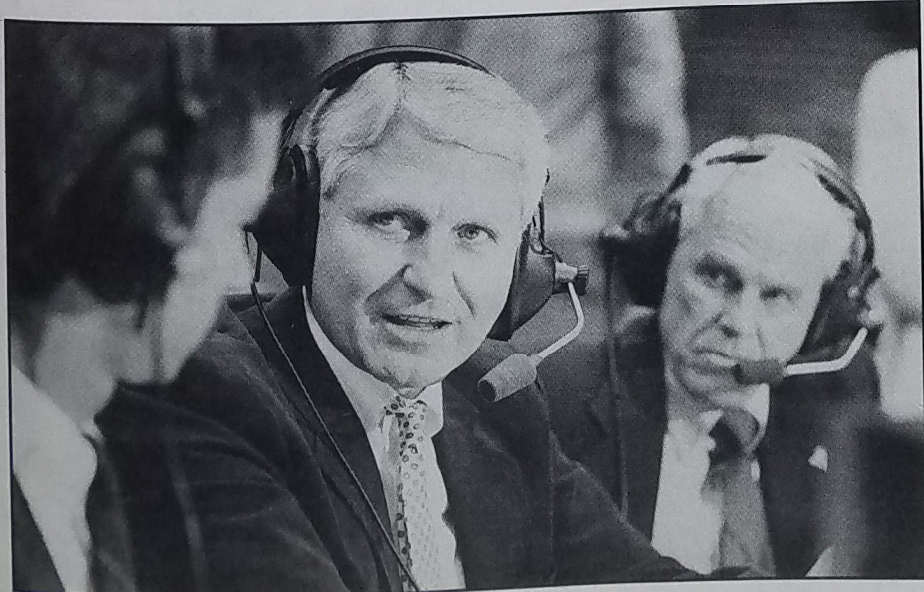
Following his first year at Augsburg College (a tiny institution with 1,800 students) in Minneapolis, Olson married Roberta "Bobbi" Russell, the high school sweetheart he met during choir practice at the Sharon Lutheran Church in Grand Forks. He played football, basketball and baseball, and after contemplating his skills, decided to become a coach, not a player.

Bobbi worked as a secretary to put him through college. Olson then taught history and coached high school kids for five years in Minnesota, a year in Colorado and twelve years in California high schools—Anaheim and Huntington Beach.

In 1970, he got a shot at college coaching at Long Beach City College, and soon moved on to Long Beach State. He had a 24-2 season, but discovered he couldn't go to any national tournaments because of scandals left in the wake of his predecessor, Jerry Tarkanian.

When a Los Angeles lawyer, an Iowa graduate, started talking to him about a job back in the cornbelt, Olson was all ears. He went east and soon gained national prominence by propelling the Iowa Hawkeyes to a 167-91 overall record during a nine-year stint. His final five teams each won twenty or more games and went to the NCAA playoffs. Olson, in a state where college sports are more a religion than a form of recreation, became the most popular and sought-out person in the state.

He also became a man whose life no longer was his own. When the Olsons dined out, fans nabbed them immediately, hustling Lute to join



GRABOUT

HAIR, SKIN AND NAIL SALON



MODEL: SAMANTHA HAIR: LINDA YODICE MAKEUP: JULIE MCCINN CLOTHING & ACCESSORIES: PIECE BY PIECE BOUTIQUE LOCATION: ATOP ERIC'S ICE CREAM ARTISTIC DIRECTION: KEN BOWLING PHOTO: LYNDA MICHAELSON

them for pictures and sign autographs. The even more fanatic would drive past his home and peer over the fence or honk insistently until Olson would wave at them from his door.

"It was like I was losing my husband," Bobbi Olson remembers. "Before that, we had just been husband and wife, and all of a sudden people were talking about my husband in awe of him. It was strange."

Hawkeye fans were so curious about Olson that long before President Reagan's medical tests made national headlines, the Iowa press was publishing the results of Olson's 1981 physical. That came on the heels of an erroneous press report that Olson had been hospitalized with heart problems.

"I did have some chest pains last March," Olson explained, "but the doctors checked me then and determined they were nothing but indigestion. Like a lot of others who have occupations with stress, a coach is entitled to take a little Maalox from time to time."

Although Olson had just turned down a plum coaching offer at USC when Arizona approached him in 1983, the time was ripe to leave Iowa. The pressure of fans and sportswriters "who wanted to know every last detail about the coach's private life" had made life miserable for Olson.

"We just had to get out," said Bobbi. "We loved Iowa City and all

the fans, so it was like a very painful divorce for us to make that decision."

But it may have been even more painful to stay. With fan expectations rising, they were quicker to complain if the Hawkeyes dropped a game. Sportswriters took Olson to task, and St. Lute's halo became tarnished.

"Toward the end, he appeared to consider himself bigger than the basketball program, bigger than the university," complained one veteran Iowa sports reporter with whom Olson never did see eye-to-eye. Once, Olson threatened to stop appearing on a weekly call-in radio show, and another time he lashed out at reporters, telling them his players had "a lot more guts than the people who write about them."

"Those last two years at Iowa were tense," Bobbi says. "He would lose his temper with reporters or players."

Approached during the Kansas City Final Four that spring, Olson consulted with his family before agreeing to take over the Arizona job, vacated after Ben Lindsey's disastrous single season.

History has a way of repeating itself, and Olson's ability to turn a bunch of losers into a team-conscious group of top contenders has happened at both Iowa and Arizona.

One thing is different, though: The Olsons have more privacy in

Tucson, where they make their home near the fairway of Ventana Golf and Racquet Club, where houses run upward of \$250,000. The place has Saltillo tile floors and cathedral ceilings, and the entryway displays a huge family portrait of all the Olsons seated by a roaring fire—everybody, naturally, color coordinated in UA red and blue. To reach the home, you must pass a guard at the entrance to the development.

The Olsons are recognized, they say, but fans here tend not to intrude, and their privacy is respected. Even so, fans do continue to admire from afar.

"I was having dinner in a little sushi bar on the North Side once, when Lute Olson walked in," a Tucson woman recalls. "It was like watching John Wayne come through that door. He has such a presence."

Last summer Olson and his wife took a cruise to Scandinavia and Leningrad to escape the pressures of his work. If Bobbi has a problem with their life, it is that every dinner and every conversation always turns to basketball. The cruise was to be a sanctuary.

They'd been on board less than a day when someone approached him and said, "Hey, aren't you Lute Olson?"

He said yes.

Bobbi said, "Honey, just say it's not you. Just tell them you're not Lute

Olson." He shrugged.

If anyone failed to get carried away by Lute Olson's coaching abilities, they surely would not escape noticing the way the man looks. He stands tall—six-foot-four—and strides into a room, or gymnasium, as the case may be, with chest out and shoulders broad.

People marvel at his style. From the top of his silver-capped head to the tips of his polished cordovan shoes, Lute Olson is never less than immaculate. It is a part of his perfectionist nature to look that way, says Bobbi. In public, he nearly always sports a jacket and tie. One photographer hustled to snap a photo of a post-game Olson with tie loosened. "Just a minute," Olson said, pulling the knot of his tie back up where it belonged.

In private, he occasionally condescends to wearing a sweat suit—albeit one of expertly tailored and monogrammed royal blue velour. It sets off the blue eyes over which women tend to gush.

"You can't overlook the fact that one of the things that attracts people to Coach Olson is the way he looks," says senior point guard Steve Kerr, Olson's most celebrated protégé.

Olson, who shops with his wife at local department stores and gets his hair cut at a barber shop instead of at a styling salon, seems not to notice that he looks so elegant. He's embarrassed, almost, when someone brings it up.

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He does take little steps to keep his appearance up to snuff—currently he has sworn off licorice bits to make sure his waist stays trim. He has grandchildren but does not like to be called grandfather—his handle is “Poppa Lute.”

A Tucson sportswriter remembers finally confessing his obsession with Olson’s ever-perfect coif.

“I had followed the team on a series of summer games in Europe, and Lute and I were doing some sight-seeing,” the reporter recalls. “We were riding this little boat down a canal in Holland, and the wind was chilly and fierce. I looked over at Lute, fully expecting to see his hair blowing, and I

was stunned. Every strand was still in place.

“I finally asked him, ‘Coach, I’m kind of fascinated with your hair—the way it always stays in place—and I’m wondering what kind of hairspray you use.’

“He looked at me, shook his head a little and smiled. He said he didn’t use any. I was crushed.”

The man with every hair in place has a lot of things to do besides brush his hair. Olson puts in his share of long hours recruiting players, conducting practices, fielding reporters’ questions, speaking at charity events, and the like. He’s up with the sun, although often reluctantly, and fre-

quently works past midnight. The night before he left for the Iowa game he was up until 3 a.m. reviewing game tapes.

But what marks Olson as different is his ability to do two, even three things at once. It is not a talent, Olson maintains, but a skill born of necessity, a prerequisite for those whose early mission is to excel in sports.

Olson starts his day that way. He often pedals a stationary bike while reading scouting reports, watching a morning news show or scanning videotapes of recent games.

He has no typical morning. Reporters occasionally blast him out of bed with phone calls. Some dawns he

fits in a walk with his wife. A couple of times a week he gives breakfast talks to local organizations.

Olson tries to make it to his office by 9 a.m. where a ton of mail and a stack of phone messages await him. He and his secretary each have huge appointment books that they reconcile each day to make sure he stays on track. The door to his office is always open and someone is always coming through it.

But the thing that takes most of his time is the past—watching game tapes. Kalil figures Olson and his staff “watch more videos than a fourteen-year-old with a pocket full of quarters.” Lunch means either a meeting or a trip to the McKale exercise room where he can ride a bicycle. He writes letters while he pedals.

The afternoons disappear into practice with the players for at least a couple of hours. Just to make it from his office to the gym floor means running a gauntlet of other coaches and reporters.

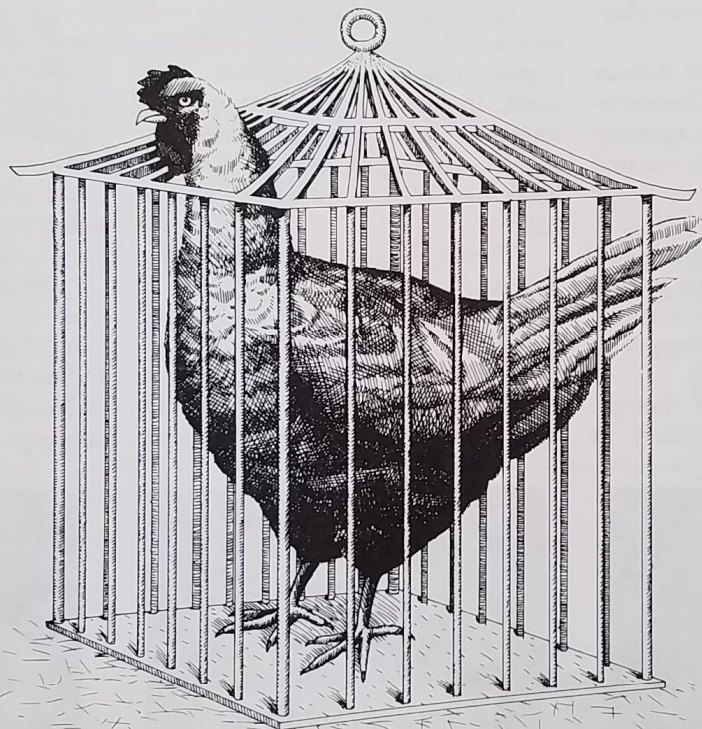
With practice finished, he may be off to tape his weekly television show, or perhaps another speech over a chicken dinner, or his weekly call-in radio show. He tries to have dinner with his wife. He is a fool for pizza and ice cream. The night ends when he can no longer watch more films of games.

“You find that when you are an athlete, you must balance a lot of things—homework, jobs, classes, practices and games,” says Olson, recalling his high school and college days of basketball, football and baseball. “You just learn to make good use of your time.”

He has been known to map out practice schedules, field writers’ questions and pose for publicity shots at the same time. And although his celebrity status might allow him to do otherwise, Olson makes a point of responding to every telephone call and every letter. It may be a brief reply, and it may be a day or so later, but he does not ignore those who seek him out. “It’s just the way I was raised,” say Olson. “I believe it’s only common courtesy to reply when someone has taken the time to write or call.”

He leaves nothing to chance. On a trip with the team, every minute is scheduled—sightseeing, shooting drills, study time. He can stare at a film over and over again until he figures out why one player missed a shot, why a pick and roll didn’t work, what is wrong with some player’s release on a free throw. And when he finds the one frame, the one detail, he then goes over it with the player. If during the game a player turns slightly the wrong way, Olson will instantly be explaining the mistake to his bench. Nothing is wasted, nothing is ever left to chance.

Last December, just hours before his plane was scheduled to leave for the Great Alaska Shootout, Olson was taking part in a turkey-stuffing contest



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for charity at a local shopping mall. He had to race to make the flight.

Once, on a bumpy bus ride through Italy, UA supporter George Kalil noticed Olson scribbling away at a stack of thank-you notes to Wildcat supporters.

"We were bouncing along this bumpy little road, and he's putting down his signature just as nice as could be. He told me it was a little trick he's picked up. And he kept going until he ran out of stamps in Rome." Olson turned around and handed him one of the expertly signed notes. "Here's yours, George," he told Kalil. "That saves the school twenty-two cents."

Lute Olson has built a reputation and a career on his integrity. When Olson replaced Jerry Tarkanian at Long Beach State, the team roared past other schools for a 24-2 season and plenty of honors. But when Olson's team was stuck with punishments for violations committed under the previous regime, something school officials had promised wouldn't happen, Olson left in a huff.

When he planned his move out of the oppressive fishbowl of Iowa to UA, he did it with an experienced and well-recruited team intact. Olson didn't clean the Iowa house of coaching staff.

And once, when UA players were flying home from an overseas trip, he refused to allow two team members to change planes in New York to fly to their Louisiana homes.

"He made those guys fly all the way to Tucson, and then get their tickets and go back home, because he didn't want anyone to interpret it as the UA paying for their vacations home," Kalil recalls.

"He just won't stand for anything remotely connected with scandal or cheating," one friend of Olson's observes. Tucsonans found that out in 1985, when *The Arizona Daily Star* published a front-page story in which Olson was accused of demanding the purchase of team uniforms from a company for which he did parttime work as a consultant. The story was wrong. The *Star* ran a front-page correction, the reporter and editor who worked the story resigned, and the newspaper apologized.

Olson was irate, telling the press he had decided to be a candidate for the prestigious Kentucky coaching job because of what he viewed as an attack on his character. Wildcat fans panicked, and a barrage of telephone calls and letters flooded the hotel room where Olson was staying while attending the Final Four.

Eventually, he removed himself from the running for a job that Kalil surmises "would have made him the richest college basketball coach in the nation." Kalil estimates he could have pushed his income-endorsement contracts and the like included—to the half million-dollar mark. (Although

Olson's \$89,250 contract with the UA is public, he won't say what he makes now for consulting and endorsements. Some estimate it around \$200,000.)

Although the city breathed a collective sigh of relief, there were some sportswriters and fans who said they felt they'd gotten a glimpse of another Olson—one who was adept at manipulating the public in order to maintain his spotless image.

Supporters maintain, though, that Olson had every right to react with such venom. "That newspaper attacked the very thing Lute Olson stands for—the thing he'd built his life around," said one fan. "I don't think it's unrealistic to think that he would

react the way he did."

If there is a chink in Olson's armor, it has to do with the never-ending attention he gives to basketball.

His wife admits frankly that there have been times during Olson's career when she felt as if she didn't have a husband.

"Basically, I had to raise the family," Bobbi says. "That was a hard time for me. He was getting all the glory and I was home raising a family."

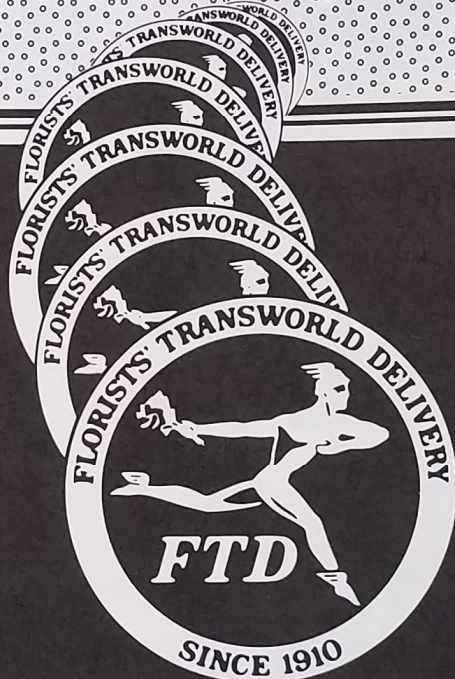
Once, when the kids were little, Bobbi left Lute in charge while she ran to the store. She came home to find that one of her kids, a toddler of about eighteen months, had crossed a busy street and wandered off. The house

itself was a wreck. Lute was sprawled out on the floor watching sports on television. Her kids told her, "Mom, please don't ever leave us with Daddy again."

Still, the Olsons have maintained what they and friends characterize as a very strong marriage. "Without her, he's like a duck out of water," says one long-time friend.

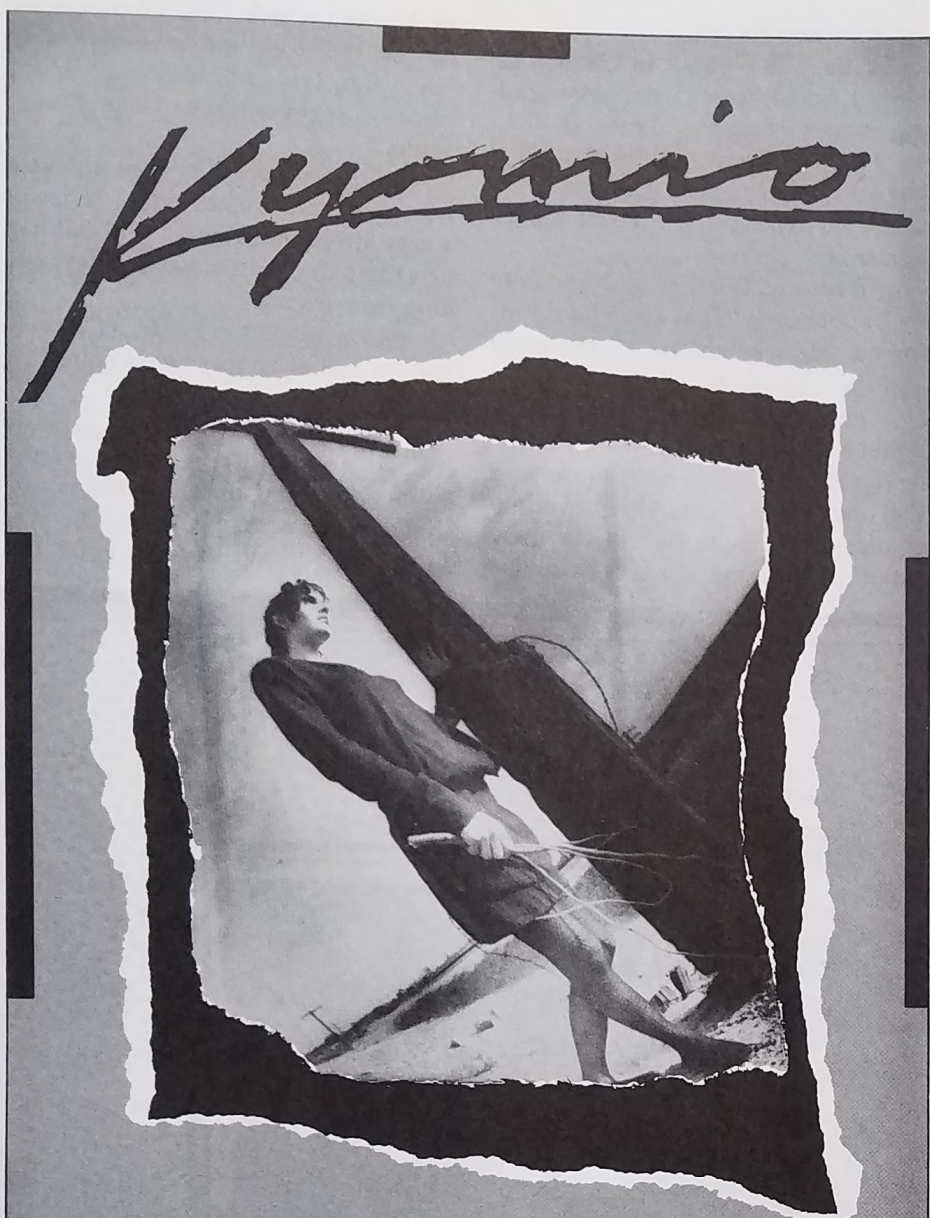
Olson relies on Bobbi as a companion and as an important sounding board.

"I suppose I could have gone to college and had my own career," Bobbi says, "but Lute has always included me so much in what he was doing that I didn't feel that need. His



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career takes two people and we've always approached it as a team.

"I think even if he'd been in another field, insurance, whatever, he would have always included me."

That inclusion is one reason Bobbi says she was able to make it through the rough times, when Olson was building his career and she was raising the kids, five born within eight years.

Daughter Jody, thirty-one, remembers, "When we were kids, Dad would come in and kiss us goodnight when we were already in bed and asleep, and then he'd be gone again when we got up in the morning. He wasn't around a lot of the time."

And yet, rather than reject their often-absent father, the Olson kids, following their mother's lead, made the best of the situation and embraced the sport as their passion, too.

"I remember the times we got to see Dad were when we would toss around a ball on one end of the court while he was coaching on the other end," says twenty-nine-year-old Greg Olson. "And we used to get to spend time with Dad on road trips. Those were great fun."

As the kids matured into adults, their interest in their dad's basketball success grew, and soon they were consumed with it, especially when the Olson-coached Iowa Hawkeye team began its ascent into basketball glory.

Ask anyone who knows him what is behind Lute Olson's success as a coach, and they'll tell you about his work ethic and his family. The Olsons are a close-knit bunch.

"We tried to raise our children to be one another's best friend," says Bobbi. "When the kids were little, I always made them kiss and make up if they were fighting." The kids didn't much care for the forced affection then, but it took.

Since Lute and Bobbi made their move to Tucson in 1983, all five kids, along with the spouses of the three who are married, and five grandchildren, migrated to Arizona.

Oldest daughter Vickie, thirty-three, and her husband, Cal Wulfsberg, moved to Arizona from California when Cal decided to make a career change. The couple has two children. Wulfsberg played for Olson in California and Iowa, and is now a coach for a Tucson school district.

Jody, a teacher, and husband Jon Brase, a dentist, moved to Tucson from Iowa with their two children.

Daughter Christi, twenty-six, and son Steve, twenty-five, were in school and came to Arizona with their parents. Christi is now in the real estate business locally, and Steve studies film at Arizona State University in Tempe.

Twenty-nine-year-old Greg, a leasing agent with Royal Buick, and his wife Val, who have one child and are expecting another, were the last to follow their parents, moving here

from Iowa a year ago.

The kids and grandchildren attend all the UA games, and usually the entire family gets together for dinner afterward.

"You never really know what Dad is thinking," says one of his daughters. "He has a lot on his mind. There are times you can be talking to him, and he may be looking at you or nodding, but you can tell his thoughts are a million miles away."

When his team loses a close one, or when it pulls off a major victory, the most emotion Olson will display is a shrug of the shoulders or perhaps his dimpled half-smile. On occasion, though, there is fire in his eyes, if not acid on his tongue.

Olson has been known to wave his fist in the air or shout loudly in the heat of a game. "But if you've ever sat within hearing distance, you'll notice that the words that come out are 'Gosh dang!' or 'Darn it!'" a friend says. Olson does not swear.

They say it is part of Olson's program to promote well-received behavior by modeling it himself. It is not talk; it is action.

"When I was a little girl, Dad could just look at me sternly for doing something wrong, and I would burst into tears," a daughter recalls. "He just has this way about him that makes you want to live up to his expectations—to do the right thing."

Players apparently feel that way too.

Arizona basketball players are known for their clean-cut appearance, their good grades and their modesty. Olson will have it no other way. He insists on regular study sessions and model behavior, even in practice. When one former player showed a tendency to act too tough, to throw too many elbows, Olson booted him off the team. If you don't adhere to Olson's style, you're out.

A part of that style is clinging to his basketball family, which functions much like his own family.

"We are each other's best friends," says Kerr. The players room together, are seen in packs at UA football games, and often visit and work together during summer breaks.

For this year's Iowa game, all his children gathered at his daughter's house to watch it on television. When it was over, the phone exploded. One call about forty minutes after the game stunned them all. It was Lute Olson calling from Iowa City. He was terribly excited. He said, "Yeaaaaaaa, did you like that game? That was the best Christmas present anyone could have given me!"

Details. Basketball. Planning. Practice. Nothing left to chance. Lute Olson has spent his life focusing on one objective, producing winning teams. In late December, his UA squad became the number one-ranked outfit in the nation.

Olson pored over more film. □



Captive-bred thick-billed parrot in the Chiricahua Mountains.

Photo by Terry B. Johnson

The nighttime temperature in the Chiricahua Mountains had dropped to twenty-three degrees Fahrenheit. Pushy as always, free-lance photographers were vying for each other's space while trying to keep from freezing. Appearing little affected by the cold, the five thick-billed parrots facing liberation squawked salutes to each other and to the coming sun. Having been raised in a caged world on the British Isle of Jersey, they had no way of sensing that the rustling in this strange forest was a prelude to the dangers and uncertainties of a wild existence. They would soon be in for a surprise.

Parrots are no strangers to Arizona. Their remains have been found among Indian ruins as far north as the San Francisco Peaks and as far back as 1250 A.D. Spanish explorers on the Espejo expedition reported parrots south of the Mogollon Rim in May 1583. More recently, a flock of about ten thick-billed parrots showed up in June 1900, in the Chiricahua Mountains. Woodcutters working in the mountains slaughtered the novelties. One observer commented: "The remnants of that picturesque and interesting company, concluding perhaps, though wrongfully, that they

were unwelcome to citizenship in this great republic, disappeared, returning, probably, to the land whence they came."

Despite their ill-treatment, another detachment of thick-billed parrots, numbering several hundred, made a brief appearance in the Bonita Park area of the Chiricahuas in August 1904. This time, the local miners considered their appearance to be a good omen with "strikes" and "El Dorado" sure to follow. Instead, the parrots left again, not to return until World War I.

The summer of 1917 saw the largest invasion of thickbills yet. Not only did large numbers of parrots again visit the Chiricahuas, many stayed, and numerous sightings were reported through the spring of 1918 from the Dragoons, Pinaleños and other mountain ranges in southeast Arizona and the "panhandle" of southwest New Mexico. They penetrated as far north as the Galiuro Mountains where Tom Powers tried to trap some for his sister, Ola, immediately prior to her mysterious death and the infamous shoot-out at Powers' cabin. Although there were no definite breeding records for Arizona, some parrots were present in the Chiricahuas during the summer nesting

Prodigal Polly

"Because of the rapid destruction of the pine forests of Sonora and Chihuahua, this parrot will probably never be seen again in Arizona."

—*Birds of Arizona*, 1964

By David E. Brown



Soldiers with parrots, ca. 1904.

U.S. Park Service Photo, Chiricahua National Monument

season, and birds in juvenile plumage were seen in September. After 1918, the incursions declined, and the last documented reports of these wanderers in Arizona were in 1922 and 1936. Whether these periodic visits were the result of seasonal food shortages in the parrots' home in the Sierra Madres, or were "normal" forays to take advantage of an abundance of pine seeds in the U.S., will never be known.

Thick-billed parrots persist in Mexico where they are known as *guacamayas* or *guacas*. To scientists, they go by the euphonic but redundant name of *rhynchopsitta pachyrhyncha*—literally, "heavy-billed parrot." They are unmistakable. Imagine a long-tailed, apple-green parrot, the size of a pigeon, with a geranium-red forehead that looks like crushed velvet, red epaulets and ankles, and possessing chrome-yellow patches under the wings.

Like most parrots, thickbills continually announce their presence by raucous squawking; the birds are more likely to be heard than seen. Mates, once selected, are for life, and even when in flocks, their paired behavior is readily apparent. Pine seeds of several species are the birds' principal

diet, although other conifer seeds and acorns are consumed when fancied. Indeed, this parrot is a temperate bird, nesting only in the varied pine forests of the Sierra Madre Occidental between 7,500 and 10,100 feet elevation.

I first heard and saw thick-billed parrots flying above Hartweg pine forest in Jalisco's Sierra Nevada de Colima, where they are said to wander south of their principal range in Chihuahua and Durango. Later, I was to meet them several times in the Sierra del Nido of Chihuahua, where the parrots still nest in small numbers. Here I learned that the literature on the species wasn't always accurate. They were reported to nest only in cavities made by imperial woodpeckers, a species virtually extinct in the Sierra Madre.

The man who knows the most about the nesting habits of the thick-billed parrot, however, is Dirk V. Lanning, a free-lance biologist who has studied this species of parrot both for the Chihuahuan Desert Institute and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Of the fifty-five active nests that he and his partner, James Shiflett, found in Durango and Chihuahua, most were

in pine snags (dead trees), and all but one were in the biggest trees. All trees more than twenty inches in diameter are legal for cutting in Mexico and no trees are left for wildlife. Just one pulp mill in Chihuahua consumes 1,800 to 3,600 snags a day. More mills are planned. Lanning termed the bird's status as "vulnerable," although not yet "critically endangered."

For years the parrots' only enemy was the logger who deprived the bird of its snag-tree nesting sites. While Mexico's high-grade logging practices reduced the birds' range, the deep barrancas allowed the birds to persist in reasonable numbers.

What neither Aldo Leopold (who celebrated the thickbill's presence in his *Sand County Almanac*) nor Lanning could foresee was the collapse of the Mexican economy in the 1980s. Ejidos (government collectives for landless peasants), woodcutters, and settlers wanting to escape the crush of the cities poured into mountain forests, hoping that "la frontera" could support them. Anything that could be wrested from the land was exploited. Although guacamayas had never been considered a food source, and their inability to mimic voices made them

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poor "pollys," there just had to be some money to be made from such a spectacular bird. Rumor was that rich gringos would buy them. And so the parrots' nests were robbed and the birds captured.

In 1985, for the first time, border authorities confiscated substantial numbers of thick-billed parrots. Up to 150 of these birds were said to be in Tijuana awaiting export, with an undetermined number already having been smuggled in. That October, U.S. Fish and Wildlife authorities seized eleven thickbills in California, Oregon and Idaho. Additional "raids," some as far east as Brownsville, Texas, were planned for 1986.

Samuel F. Jojola, Special Agent for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Long Beach, had an imaginative idea. Why not release the contraband birds in suitable habitat instead of farming them off to zoos and aviaries? Bureaucratic red tape and an uncertain outcome precluded their return to Mexico. Jojola wrote to Lanning to see if he had any ideas. Lanning contacted the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service office of Endangered Species in Albuquerque and the Nongame Branch of the Arizona Game and Fish Department and suggested that the parrots be released in Southern Arizona.

Terry Johnson, Nongame Branch Supervisor, responded immediately. The bird's historic visitation site near Portal in the Chiricahua Mountains was selected as a logical release site. Volunteer help to the amount of \$6,000, coupled with \$6,000 from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and \$5,000 from income tax "check-off" money, would fund the project. Hand-wringing over whether the birds were actually "native" and the project's possible failure were at a minimum. In a remarkably short time, the bureaucracies had their act together. Southern Arizona's legions of bird-watchers were in for an unexpected arrival.

By August 1986, thirty-nine parrots had been rounded up, all but one of which were adults and believed to have been captured in the wild. Twenty-nine were judged suitable for immediate release. Sex of parrots is hard to determine, but examination by veterinarians showed fifteen of the birds to be females.

Because most of the parrots had clipped or deformed flight feathers, new feathers had to be spliced onto the damaged primaries to get the birds into flying condition—an old falconry trick known as "imping." Captive thickbills at the Arizona Sonora Desert Museum and parrots from other aviaries were called on to contribute shed feathers. While still captive, the parrots were fitted with neck-collars and replicas of the radio transmitters that would provide location data once the birds were released. Each transmitter would weigh about eight grams, or just over two percent of the parrot's body weight, have a line-of-sight

range of about five miles, and a life expectancy of about six months.

The parrots were divided into two groups of thirteen and sixteen and held in flight pens on the release area in Cave Creek Canyon in the Chiricahuas. This procedure gave the long-confined birds a month to practice flying, work out any personal differences and adjust to the native foods provided by Noel Snyder. Snyder, whose work on California condors was finished, was contracted to oversee and monitor the parrots' release.

On September 20, 1986, the flock of thirteen was released, and on October 19, the second group was set free.



Thick-billed parrots awaiting release.

Phot by Louella Brown

During each release, captive birds were held in an adjacent cage to entice the parrots to stay in the area. Food and water were provided in the opened cages should the thickbills fail to find sustenance. The latter precaution proved unnecessary—immediately upon leaving the pens, the parrots commenced feeding on the ripening seeds of Chihuahua pine cones.

Almost every day the birds left their roosts atop densely crowned conifer trees before sunup to foray farther afield in search of "natural" foods—piñon nuts, the seeds of Apache and ponderosa pines, white oak acorns, alligator-bark juniper berries and the seeds and terminal buds of Douglas-firs.

The birds from the second release, after some noisy name-calling, quickly joined up with the first group. As expected, the parrots soon took to exploring different parts of the Chiricahuas—checking things out, so to speak. There were some losses. Hawks and unknown dangers took a toll of six, but finding food was no problem. Most of the parrots' time was luxuriously spent preening pine resin from soiled plumage and flying from one place to another. Rarely did they

spend more than two hours in any one spot. Their periodic returns to the release site became more and more infrequent.

Ten days after the second release, the birds split into two groups, now numbering eight and fifteen. Shortly afterward, the larger group left for points unknown; the following week the band of eight was gone. For five days, the whereabouts of the parrots was only a matter of conjecture. Then, after two weeks of absence, the big flock, now reduced to fourteen, reappeared. When they left again just before Christmas, their radio transmitters betrayed their location. Signals

when residents near Bear Flat campgrounds in the Tonto National Forest called the Arizona Game and Fish Department to report about sixteen noisy parrots pelting them with Douglas-fir cones. Never remaining long in one place, the parrots soon splintered off into pairs and small groups and dispersed. By mid-August, they were gone.

A radio-collared casualty showed up in Oak Creek Canyon, but examination of the carcass showed that the predator-killed bird had died in June or July. The parrots had wandered more than 200 miles from their release site. Where would they turn up next?

On September 19, a day short of a year after the initial release, five parrots showed up in the Chiricahuas. One bore a dead transmitter, and it was speculated that this was the remainder of the flock of eight that had disappeared in December. The next day another radio-equipped parrot was released to join the prodigals. On October 2, these six were joined by four more, one bearing a live radio transmitter! As of mid-November, the ten birds have been roosting and foraging above Herb Martyr dam. Where they spent the summer is unknown, but once again the Chiricahuas have *guacamayas*!

As for the captive-reared parrots from Jersey that were released on the cold November morning in 1987, all but one were back in their cages within hours. Their trusting nature and wobbly flight would have made them feathered lunch bags for goshawks, peregrines and great-horned owls.

This experiment to try and reintroduce the free-roaming thickbills failed. Nongame managers still have much to learn when it comes to wildlife introductions. Birds raised in captivity, no matter how well trained or how good their condition, are no substitute for wild-caught individuals. Any wild future for thick-billed parrots depends on Mexico—either through a conservation program in such mountain forests as the Sierra del Nido, or as a source for wild-caught birds. The latter alternative, while the least desirable, is presently the most feasible.

And, ¿Quién sabe? Even though the ten *contrabandos* will doubtlessly continue to wander, their American home is now superior to Mexico. No lumbering, plenty of snags and a now-appreciative public may cause them to stay north of the border. One of these days, a pair may even take up house-keeping and raise a family.

In the meantime, if you should be treated to the sight of *guacas* anywhere other than the Chiricahuas, share the experience, and help keep track of these vagabonds. Write: Terry Johnson, Nongame Branch Supervisor, Arizona Game and Fish Department, 2222 W. Greenway Road, Phoenix, AZ 85023. □

The enigma of the larger flock's whereabouts was solved in late July,



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VIDEOS

ULTIMATE GROSS-OUT

Horny beasts headed for Montreal

BY KEN NICHOLS

David Cronenberg is the teenager reaching for the ultimate gross-out. Problem is, he's trapped inside the body of a middle-aged Canadian movie director. Many of his film characters also carry some sort of rebellion inside their bodies. Their skin ruptures, they ooze blood and puss; they sprout organs they're not supposed to have; they grow cancerous sacs containing monsters; they vomit aggressive parasites that scoot off to attack the next victim; their heads explode.

Cronenberg's people spend a lot of time around hospitals, and he makes his audiences righteously uncomfortable by planting his nasty surprises in these doctor-populated, anti-septic settings. He teases our '80s biological dread, the depressing concerns we feel about microscopic demons silently waiting in ambush.

His plots nearly always turn on the scientist who fouls up the experiment and loses control of something awful, or around a megalomaniac who's got hold of the scientist's work and plans to change life as we know it for the profit involved.

Cronenberg's products are smarter, funnier, weirder than the competition. He's one of those things the critics who like French words (a large and influential lot) call a "genre director," meaning they think he's only talented enough to make one kind of movie. Even worse, Cronenberg has earned the title of "cult director." That means there's a small but vocal group of the mentally ill who love the guy's work for reasons no one else can figure out.

But forget Cronenberg's image problems. If you enjoy horror and science fiction, if you have the nerve, the stomach, visit your favored video emporium. You can have a complete Cronenberg festival (he made a hot-rod movie called "Fast Company," but I'm not counting that) in the privacy of your home. Don't do it alone.

"**They Came From Within**" (1975). It's set in an upscale apartment building on an island in the St. Lawrence River, "twelve minutes from downtown Montreal." A doctor who lives there thinks people have become overly intellectual, sapped of their healthy animal energy, and creates a parasite to put some verve back into his fellow citizens. Of course, he introduces it into the population of the building before it's perfected—seems the little creatures turn their hosts into insatiable, indiscriminating sex maniacs

who pass the thing on venereal-style. They run wild and turn the place into Canada's version of *120 Days of Sodom*. Eventually the last good guy is infected, and the movie ends with all the tenants, now horny beasts, loaded up in their cars, headed for Montreal. The movie is populated by unknown and unskilled actors, but the outrageousness of what they're going through will keep your attention. They loved this one at Cannes. It was made with a grant from the Canadian government.

"**Rabid**" (1977). The biggest star Cronenberg could hire was Marilyn Chambers. She's a sweet girl who's unlucky enough to be on the back of her boyfriend's motorcycle when he crashes. A slightly mad plastic surgeon rebuilds her nicely, replacing damaged sections of Marilyn with "morphogenetically neutral" tissue—stuff that reads the code of the body part it's supposed to replace. The procedure, however, turns her into a vampire with a new twist on blood gathering. (She grows a tubular sort of thing that leaps out of her armpit and sucks the blood of her victims.) She's a pretty woman, meets a lot of people, and before you know it the Canadian Army is on the streets putting down a vampire uprising.

"**The Brood**" (1979). With his first decent budget, Cronenberg was able to get Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar. Reed is a strange consciousness-raising psychiatrist, the author of a book called *The Shape of Rage* and director of a therapy mill called the Somafree Institute of Psychoplasms. He induces patients to rid themselves of bad vibes by manifesting negative feelings physically—by developing boils, sores, tumors. Eggar is locked in a custody battle with her estranged husband over their daughter. She also is Reed's star patient: her therapy produces external sacs from which savage gremlins are born, "the children of her rage." Every time Samantha gets irritated with someone, the little creatures don their snowsuits and go bludgeon the object of her anger. Set in a bleak urban winter, the film has a fine, spare atmosphere. Cronenberg was going through a tough divorce when he made this one, and you can feel the autobiographical anger shiver off the screen. He also seems a bit miffed with therapists.

"**Scanners**" (1981). A pharmaceutical company sold a tranquilizer for preg-

nant women in the 1940s. Side effects were awful and it was pulled from the shelves. The women who took it bear children with awesome telekinetic powers—Scanners. They not only can read minds, they can explode skulls and cause people to burst into flames with the power of thought. An evil Scanner tries to locate all his fellows and use their power to rule the world.

"Dead Zone" (1983). Cronenberg adapts Stephen King. Christopher Walken is the nicest school teacher you'll ever meet. He wrecks his VW on an icy road, goes into a coma, and awakes with "second sight." He can read the future of anyone he touches. Martin Sheen is a madman making an apparently successful run for the Presidency (I suppose this movie is less improbable because Cronenberg didn't write it). When Walken shakes his hand, he sees the future Chief Executive pushing THE button, and has his mission for the rest of the story. A good cast, a tense movie.

"Videodrome" (1983). James Woods runs a TV cable station that makes bucks in a crowded field by showing violence and soft-core porn. One of his technicians pirates a broadcast of "Videodrome," a show that consists of nothing more than people being tortured and murdered. Woods, a true TV exec, is drawn to the concept, but after viewing the pirate tapes a few times he begins to hallucinate in ways that will make you squirm around the couch. The program, it seems, contains a signal that stimulates the growth of a brain tumor which causes the hallucinations. Developed by media prophet Brian O'Blivion of the Cathode Ray Mission, the signal has fallen into the hands of the bad guys at Spectacular Optical, "an enthusiastic

global corporate citizen." Their plan, of course, is to control the masses by controlling their hallucinations. Woods' work, as usual, is brilliant. This is one of the two or three strangest movies ever made.

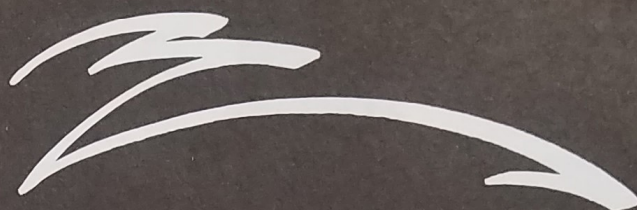
"The Fly" (1986). Remake of a tacky '50s flick and THE love story of the '80s. Three trendy people—physicist Jeff Goldblum, free-lance writer Geena Davis, magazine editor John Getz—run amok with a scientific breakthrough that "will change the world as we know it." Goldblum figures a way to "teleport" objects across distance and reassemble them in another place. He tries it on himself, but carelessly takes a housefly with him. The two get genetically fused, and the result is a third thing, neither man nor fly yet both. Geena is stuck on Jeff and won't drop him no matter how disgusting he gets—his body parts begin to fall off, he grows a gnarly new skin, he crawls on the walls and ceiling. (Talk about a woman who loves too much.) Cronenberg broke through to the mainstream audience with this one. A science fiction/upscale urban love story that would have won big awards if they ever gave movies like this anything but makeup and special effects prizes. It contains one of the great speeches in sci-fi flicks: "Have you ever heard of insect politics? Neither have I.... Insects don't have politics. Insects are very brutal, no compassion, no compromise.... I'm an insect who dreamt he was a man and loved it. But the dream is over. The insect is awake." □

It goes without saying that all these videos are R-rated and unsuitable for children and those adults who like only sensitive films in which characters mostly talk about ideas and treat each other decently.



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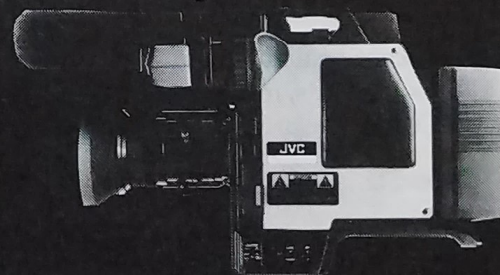
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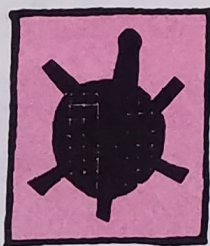
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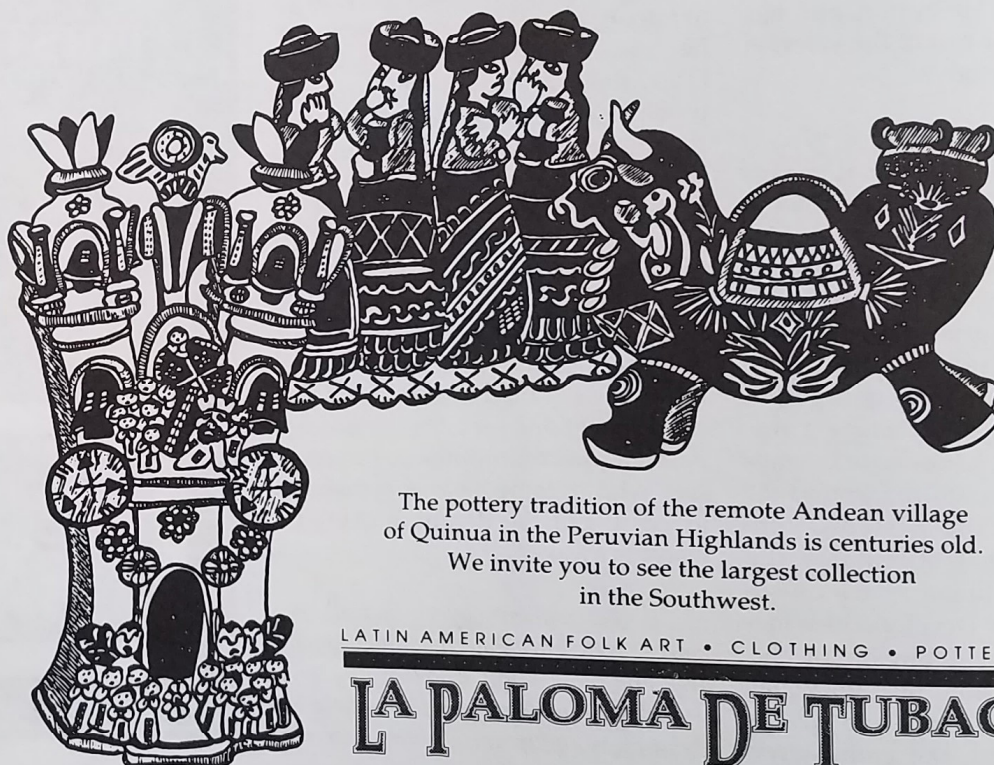
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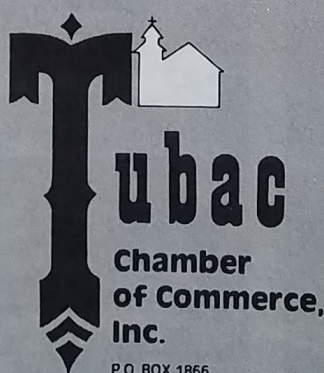
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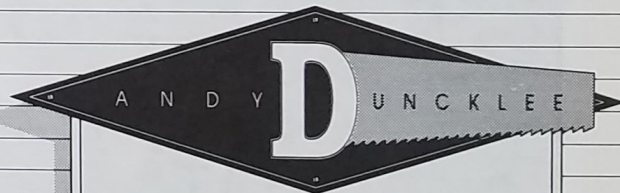


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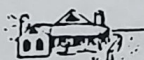
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BOOKS

ALWAYS WRIGHT, SOMETIMES WRONG

BY LAWRENCE W. CHEEK

At last count, Arizona claimed about a dozen buildings by Frank Lloyd Wright. Sorry for the vagueness of the inventory, but the number periodically flexes, because Taliesin Associated Architects continues to execute Wright's unbuilt designs, and because arguments still rage over how much he had to do with the Arizona Biltmore in Phoenix. These eyes, skeptically surveying it, wager that it was maybe forty-five percent.

The buildings form a testament to eccentric genius—frequently inspiring, occasionally wayward. There's the little Boomer House, a rocky, pointy jewel in the lee of the Phoenix Mountains. There's Taliesin West, a masterpiece more thoroughly imbued with the mood of the Sonoran Desert than any work of architecture before or since. And there's Gammage Center at Arizona State University, a preposterous blend of 1,001 Arabian Nights and hypothetical Martian architecture that still manages to be the best concert hall (acoustically) in Arizona.

The other aspect of Wright's Arizona legacy is more controversial. The ashram at Taliesin West goes on, no one having noticed that the guru long ago departed. There's plenty of work on the boards (an even fifty proj-

ects as of October), and thirty-eight apprentices are eagerly learning to ghost-design buildings in Wrightian forms.

Look at this operation in the cold light of objectivity, however, and you see a strange, quasi-religious cult struggling to perpetuate an architectural theosophy that its own messiah cheerfully violated whenever it suited his whim to do so.

At last we have a book that debunks a good deal of the myth and mysticism that surrounds Wright twenty-nine years after his death, fairly appraises his work—masterpieces and turkeys alike—and studies his character at least anecdotally. Brendan Gill's *Many Masks: A Life of Frank Lloyd Wright* (G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York 1987, \$24.95, 544 pp.) is almost the definitive biography.

If Gill's prose were a bit less baroque and the accompanying photography a lot more professional, it could be recommended without reservation.

As the title implies, Gill casts Wright's life as a series of masks, or roles, that the architect wore in order to shield whatever resided behind them from penetration by the outside world. The masks clearly contributed as much to his eventual success as did the inner fire of genius.

Wright's buildings routinely soared 300 to 500 percent over budget, an outrageous extravagance that would have destroyed the career of any other architect. But not Wright's: The missiles of criticism never got through his defenses of imperial arrogance and bewitching flim-flam. He was the great Teflon architect.

Here's a wonderful example. Gill quotes the anguished correspondence between Wright and clients Paul and Jean Hanna of Palo Alto, California, who began by telling Wright that fifteen thousand dollars was the absolute maximum they could afford to spend on a house. This was in 1936. By 1938, the bills had mounted to

thirty-seven thousand, the house still wasn't finished, and the Hannas were awash in debt and despair.

Wright wrote them:

"The only consolation I can offer you for being in debt—like me—is that it is a spur to action and that unlike most homeowners you have something worthwhile to show for your indebtedness. However, that doesn't satisfy me. I feel badly about the whole business and almost wish we hadn't gone on with it. My best to you both."

This letter, a virtuoso concerto of manipulation, displayed the masks of arrogance and contrition side by side, and it hit its marks in the heart. The by-then penniless couple wrote back: "Please forgive our childish wailing from time to time. You know that we love this house...."

Throughout most of his life, Wright also wore the masks of egalitarian democrat and libertarian. These Gill shatters easily. Wright the democrat? His utopian Broadacre City, a kind of sea-to-shining-sea suburbia free of billboards, grade crossings, and "obsolete obstruction" (which for Wright meant anything not designed by him) was a "freedom" that could only be achieved through control and regimentation. Broadacre City never was built. But Wright's three-legged

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chairs for his Johnson's Wax building of 1939 were, and they immediately began spilling their occupants onto the floor. Typically, Wright claimed the chair would improve the office workers' alertness and efficiency by forcing them to adopt correct posture to keep from tipping over. This flimsy Victorian moralizing betrayed Wright as no libertarian at all, but rather a would-be tyrant appointing himself Lord Benefactor of all humankind.

One by one, Gill exposes and strips away the other masks: That of philosopher whose pronouncements

tect, and pays tribute to his originality in a wonderful sentence that closes the book:

"We watch in awe as from a hand moving lightly and swiftly across the drafting table there leaps into being something never seen before."

This is the important thing to remember about Wright. Brush aside the fraud, the hypocrisy, the planet-sized ego, and you still have a bona fide inventor of architectural form, a creator of original art, a maker of spaces that astonish and delight, even as the roofs leak (a chronic defect of

"We watch in awe as from a hand moving lightly and swiftly across the drafting table there leaps into being something never seen before."

were, for the most part, prattle. That of the incorrigible liar: That famous 1923 telegraph following the Japanese earthquake, allegedly from the board of directors of the corporation that financed the Imperial Hotel of Tokyo, likely was forged by Wright himself. "HOTEL STANDS UNDALED AS MONUMENT OF YOUR GENIUS..."

In the end, we're left with nothing behind the masks, a void. Gill doesn't know the real Frank Lloyd Wright, but that isn't a criticism. Biographers of Mozart and Nixon don't know them, either. In such cases, perhaps, the men become the masks they wear.

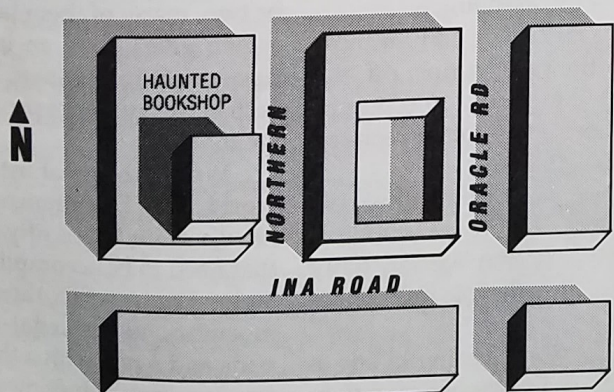
Don't misunderstand: *Many Masks* isn't an exposé or condemnation. Gill simply fails to be mesmerized by his subject, which is a welcome leap forward in books about Wright. He correctly recognizes Wright as the great American archi-

Wright's buildings). There is no comparable mind at work over a drafting table now.

If Wright were alive today, and we could take him for a drive through Tucson and Phoenix, he would pronounce the art of architecture dead—and he would be almost right.

One gripe: In any book on architecture, photography is an essential element. Most of the contemporary photos in *Many Masks* were taken by one Susan Woldenberg, who the author identifies as "architect, writer, and photographer."

Woldenberg, sorry to say, is not a photographer; in her hands, parallels converge as if on Bhutanese temples, and the washed-out lighting reminds one of the home-for-sale photos published in the local Multiple Listing folio. Wright, who was consistent in his intolerance of mediocrity wherever he found it, would be incensed. □



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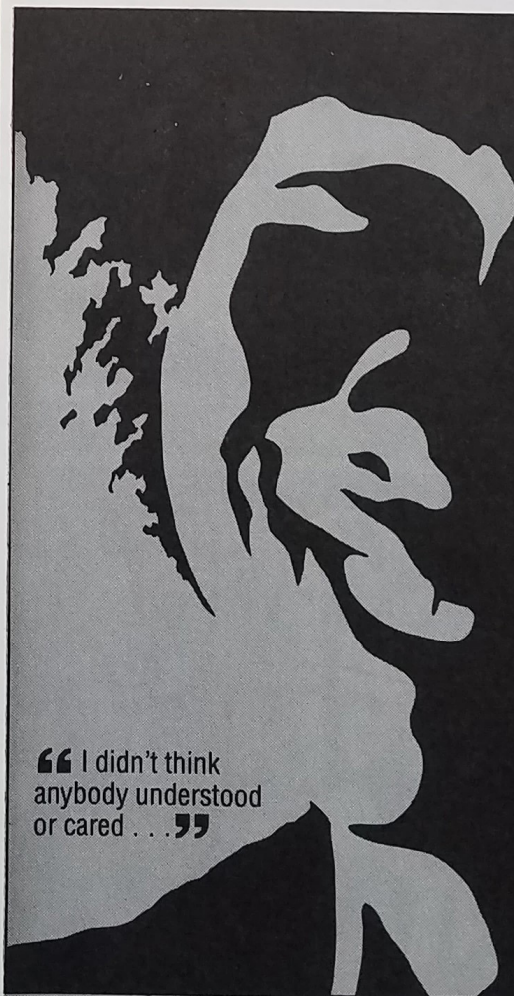
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BY BYRD BAYLOR

As the president (well, the ad hoc president, anyway) of the National Organization of Disorganized Persons, I speak for *thousands*. Obviously, it's not really our style to organize, but these are desperate times, and we need support and understanding.

I thought we could hold the first meeting at my place out on Flat Tire Road, but, of course, nobody could get it together to attend. Most people couldn't find their car keys. Some of them had lost the maps I sent out (it is faintly possible that I did not send them), and the rest were busy addressing Christmas cards, trying frantically to get them mailed by the end of January so they could pretend they were New Year's cards.

Actually, we were all quite pleased with the turnout because it proved that these people are well qualified for membership. If anyone had showed up, we would have suspected that he was an outsider trying to infiltrate the group.

There are very few spokespersons for the truly disorganized. We believe, however, that if we can explain ourselves to the rest of the world, support groups will spring up everywhere. We even foresee a National Disorganized Person Week when you might take a Disorganized Person to lunch.

By way of furthering communication between the two groups, I'd like to discuss some facts and misconceptions about this largely unappreciated segment of society.

In the first place, don't think we aren't constantly trying to organize our lives. The fact that we fail daily only points up how heroic our efforts are.

We are the ones standing in line to buy every new book on organization. Organized people don't need such books. Disorganized people need them but can't understand them.

A typical example: Any book written by an Organized Person will insist that you must learn to do the least-pleasant tasks first each day. This, of course, is insane. We may be disorganized, but we aren't masochists.

We Disorganized Persons have

learned to skim a few pages before we buy the book, and if we see that particular suggestion, we know the entire book will be useless.

But we keep trying. We keep believing that if we could just once get all our papers straight, everything in life would work out.

All these books say you must have a file for Important Papers, like legal documents and contracts and warranties. So you sit down and start sorting. But then you think, what kind of person am I if I put a warranty for a car battery in Important Papers and leave out a typed copy of a Pablo Neruda poem or a quote from Loren Eiseley? A good poem or quote must be more important than a tax receipt. And then you come across some letters that you cherish, and you put them in, too.

Finally, it occurs to you that everything you save is important, or otherwise, you'd throw it out, so you make it easy on yourself and label all your files Important Papers. At least we're learning to file.

You know those little stick-on note pads? Disorganized Persons buy hundreds of them in different colors and sizes. Right now, one entire wall of my study is covered with them. It gives quite an interesting textural effect to the room. Of course, after a year or two, many of them fall off the wall, which gives quite an interesting textural effect to the floor, too. My point is that we try. Most people don't realize that.

We are the great list makers of the world. Any Disorganized Person will have a daily list of fifty or sixty items that need to be accomplished immediately. We rewrite these lists every morning, using legal-sized yellow pads and a pen with a thick, assertive, flowing line. Sometimes you have to look around the house for half an hour to find the right pen. If you can't find it, you look for a good, dark No. 2 pencil.

Our lists have headings and sub-headings. We separate things into groups and draw stars and pointing fingers for emphasis, and leave a place to check off each item as it is completed. We are so hungry for success that we list one or two items that are

actually already completed so we can check them off and make the list look better.

This does not mean the Disorganized Person is living a lie. It is just that a list with nothing checked off looks kind of depressing, so we try to spare ourselves this sense of failure. I once tried explaining it to an Organized Person who was looking at my eighty-six-item list, but he only saw it as a desperate plea for help.

You may have noticed that Disorganized Persons never let an Organized Person inside their cars. That's because of the mountains of interesting objects that look like piles of debris to the untrained eye. Actually, all those old newspapers and magazines contain articles you wanted to save, and all those scraps of paper have book titles or thoughts scribbled on them, or possibly addresses of beautiful shrines in South Tucson. Of course, there are five or six books on the floor that are handy in case you have to wait a long time for a train to pass.

Most of us trade in our cars for pickup trucks so there will be more room for samples of adobe blocks and weathered boards and old barbed wire, which might be worth a lot of money.

Sneer at the mess if you want to, but any Disorganized Person could live a week on what he finds in his vehicle, and that means at least a change of clothing and several three-course meals. Not only that, but many a life has undoubtedly been saved because Disorganized Persons can always poke around under the newspapers and come up with a couple of blankets and enough nails and lumber to construct an emergency shelter for five.

You can see that we deserve a little more respect. We contend that Disorganized Persons are ultimately trainable and could be leading useful, productive lives with high-paying jobs. It must be obvious to anyone that we need only one thing—a secretary for each of us.

I know that I would become a real achiever. I'd answer my mail, clear off my desk, clear off the floor around my desk, get a life plan—if I just had a secretary.

In a poll of our somewhat loosely knit membership, I find that 99.3 percent insist that the only thing holding them back from major success is the lack of a fulltime secretary. Unfortunately, the same 99.3 percent admit they do not have the money to pay this secretary.

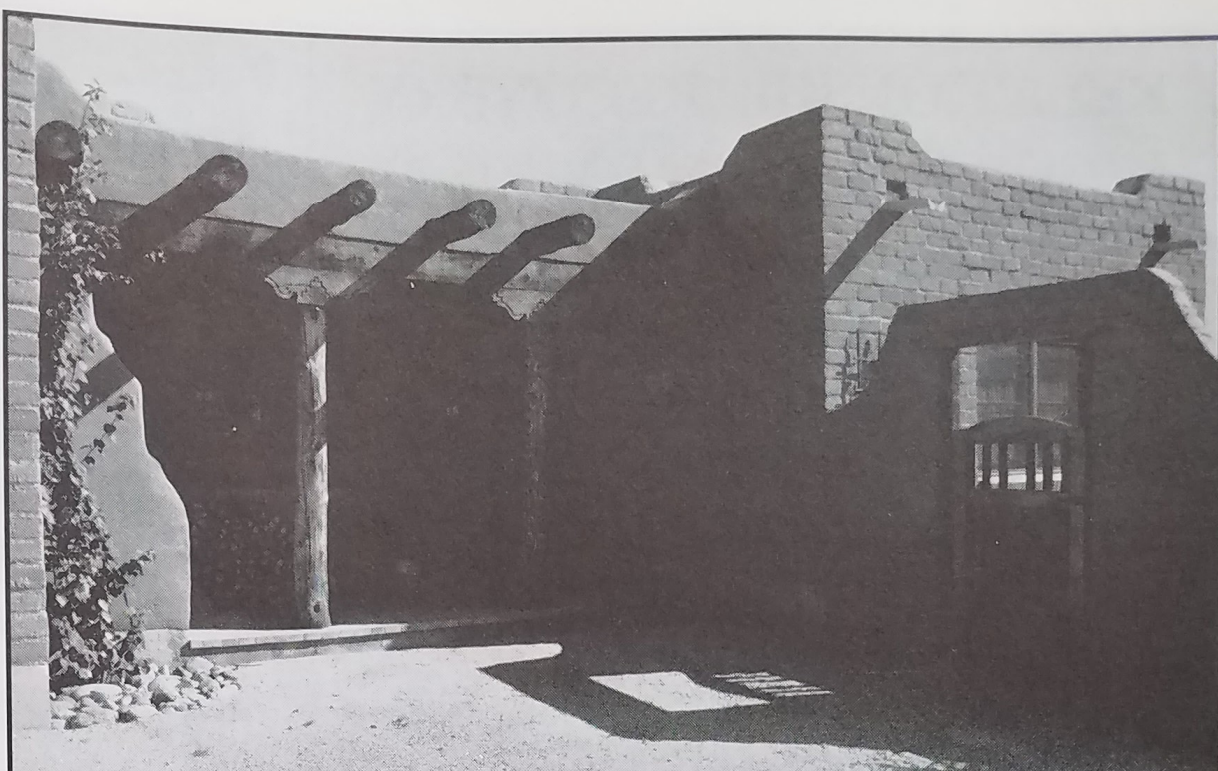
I believe I have the solution.

Chronic disorganization must no longer be viewed as a character flaw. The Surgeon General of the United States must immediately declare it a disease. As a certified illness affecting thousands, surely the government will want to spend a little money on a cure. Luckily, no research is needed, no expensive rehabilitation programs. *Nothing* is needed, in fact, except secretaries.

We hope our government will agree that in the long run, our plan will save the taxpayers vast amounts of money. Look at it this way: We are all now underemployed; many of us are forced to become writers and work at home. With our new secretaries, thousands of Disorganized Persons would move on to rewarding jobs. In a couple of years, we'll be making enough money to pay our own secretaries. It certainly seems worth a try.

Anyway, my new list includes writing a letter to the Surgeon General. I've put it under the heading, Things to Do TODAY—or TOMORROW—for Sure.

Byrd Baylor has written several award-winning children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, *Yes Is Better Than No*.



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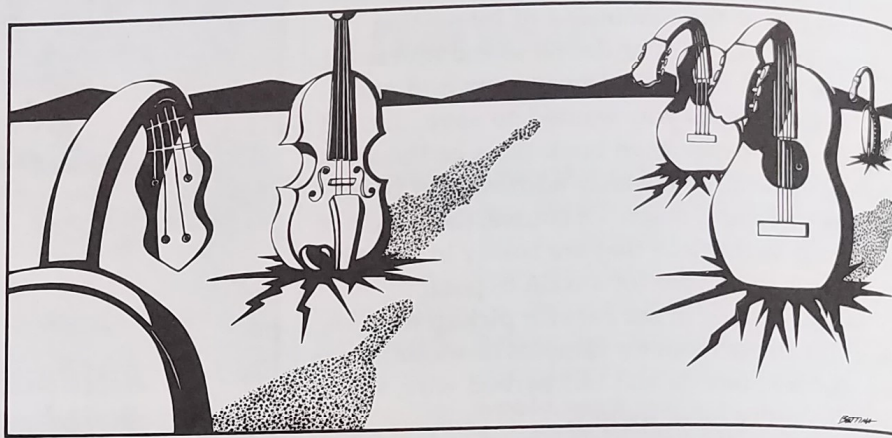


LOCAL CUSTOM

KING OF THE UNIVERSE

Fiddling with our music

BY JIM GRIFFITH



A few months ago, I wrote a tribute to my old friend, Wild Horse Shorty. Shorty, you may remember, was a Tennessee fiddler who rode the freight cars west during the Great Depression and made Arizona his home until his death last summer.

I think it's time to pay some more tribute to the kind of music Shorty played—a kind of music that's an important part of our cultural scene. Old-time country music, and especially old-time fiddling.

I'm not talking about bluegrass, by the way. Bluegrass is a specific style that was built on a base of old-time music (including fiddling) just after World War II. Popular all over the country now, it's undergoing a fascinating process of change, from a distillation of Southern music to a kind of alternative music for younger middle-class Americans, shorn of many of its layers of specifically rural and southern meaning.

No, I'm talking about the kind of music bluegrass sprang from, the kind of music you can hear at countless fiddlers' contests all over the country, and at jam sessions in every corner of America.

Old-time music is what developed when musicians from all corners of the British Isles (and many parts of Western Europe as well) exchanged and blended their ideas in the New World of North America. Add to that mixture the ideas, in greater or lesser intensity, that were brought here by blacks who had been kidnapped from West Africa (after all, the banjo is, in essence, a transplanted African instrument), allow for regional variations all over the country, and add a sense of threatened extinction brought by the emergence of Elvis Presley and rockabilly music some thirty years ago. The result is the subject of my column:

changing with the times, varying from region to region, but still a strong musical link with the transplanted Western European agrarian culture that some people who think of themselves as "real Americans" consider to be "real American" culture—old-time music.

The fiddle is the king of the instruments in this universe. It is so evocative, so compelling, that strict Protestants have the traditional option of assigning it to the Father of Evil and refusing to touch it. A fiddle, by the way, is a violin used for folk or traditional music. The bridge can be modified a little, and there can be other changes, but fiddles and violins are basically the same instrument.

Fiddlers will often tell you that a violin is carried in a handmade leather case, while you tote a fiddle around in an old cotton sack—a self-deprecating way of saying the same thing.

But the music certainly doesn't sound the same, and a classical violinist can make as sorry a showing on the fiddle as a back-country fiddler would in the Tucson Symphony. Two different art forms, each with its own rules and discipline.

Much old-time music is dance music. The stereotype is the breakdown—a fast, exciting reel played for square dancing, and quite often accelerated into an improbably fast showpiece. But that varies with the region as well. In the Northeast, they play a lot of jigs—tunes in 6/8 time. Out here, many fine fiddlers would rather play a lonesome-sounding waltz than all the fast tunes in the world. And never forget the importance of the polka in this western country.

Some tunes are really showpieces rather than dance numbers, and have always been so. That inevitable crowd-pleaser, "The Orange Blossom Special," for instance, was composed

in the late 1930s and was spread mostly through Bluegrass concerts and recordings. Audiences love it for its train imitations and the various silly variations that can be thrown into it. Most fiddlers I know are sick of it, and it's banned at many contests.

Contests are getting more and more important as public settings for this music. They aren't as widespread as family and small-group jam sessions, which are often the settings where it's really kept alive and passed along. But contests are increasingly important as places where fiddlers and others can acquire status among other musicians and enjoy getting together.

The old Saturday night dance at the schoolhouse is pretty much a thing of the past, and the skills required to impress a group of judges are quite different from those needed to get a crowd out on the dance floor. The music is turning cooler, more cerebral, and many of the old, rougher regional styles are falling by the wayside. There is even a "contest style" that originated in Texas and is spreading over much of the country.

But the music is still played, often by generation after generation of the same family. It's still a link with our agrarian past, a window through which one can catch tiny glimpses of a vanished world. It's still a wonderful and exacting folk art form. And to get off the stage, here's a list of titles of fiddle tunes—a kind of American poetry in and of themselves: "Soldier's Joy," "Mrs. McLeod's Reel," "The Joys of Quebec," "Lonesome Live Oak" (a Texas tune, that one), "Animas Valley Waltz," "Johnny Don't Go," "Hell Among the Yearlings," "Natchez Under the Hill," "Blackberry Blossom," "Elzick's Farewell," "The Red Haired Boy," "Crippled Turkey." Rich stuff.

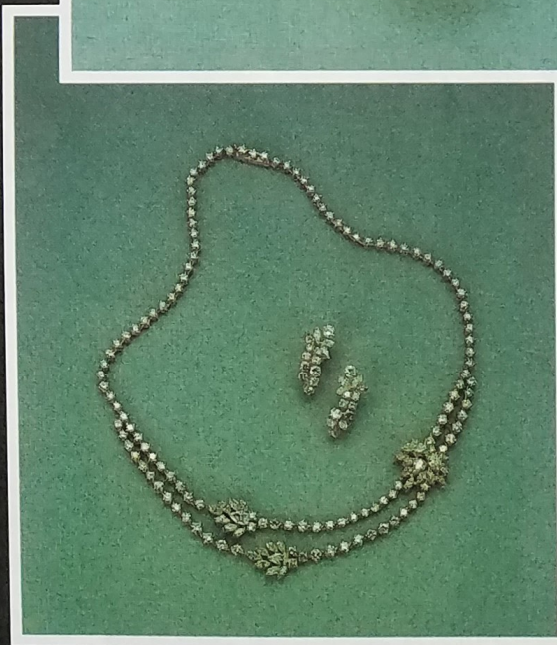
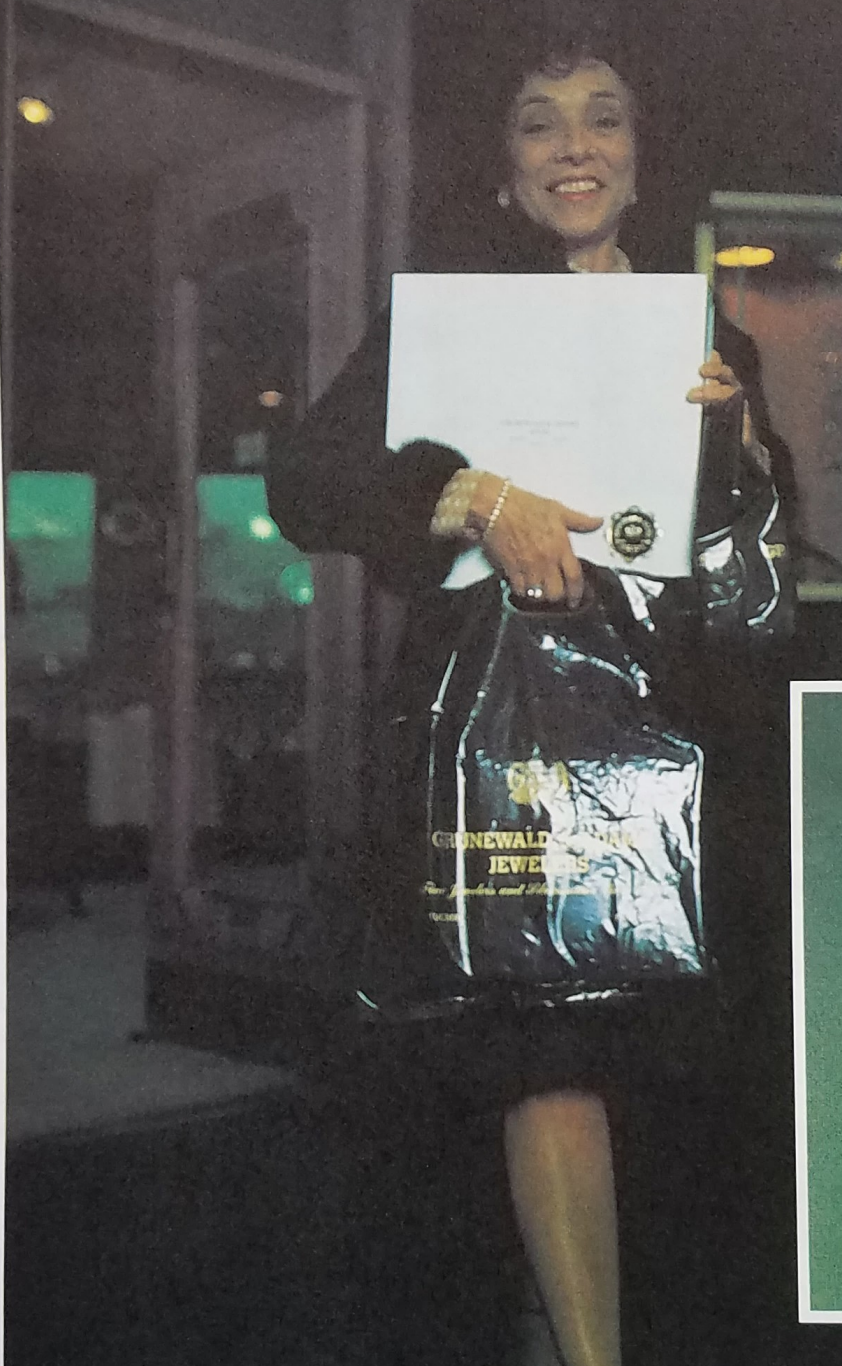
There's more to old-time music than fiddling, of course. There are the intricate banjo styles that evolved over generations in the mountains of the South. There are the songs—sad songs, funny songs, songs that tell of real and mythical events. There are all the other instruments—guitars, dulcimers, mandolins and the ubiquitous harmonica that went everywhere because it was so easy to carry and relatively cheap and indestructible. There's enough, in fact, for a lot more columns besides this one. And they may get written someday.

But right now, we'll stay with the fiddle and its music. "Sally Gooden," "Granny Will Your Dog Bite?," "The Eighth of January," "The Golden Eagle Hornpipe," and while you're at it, "Give the Fiddler a Dram." □

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.

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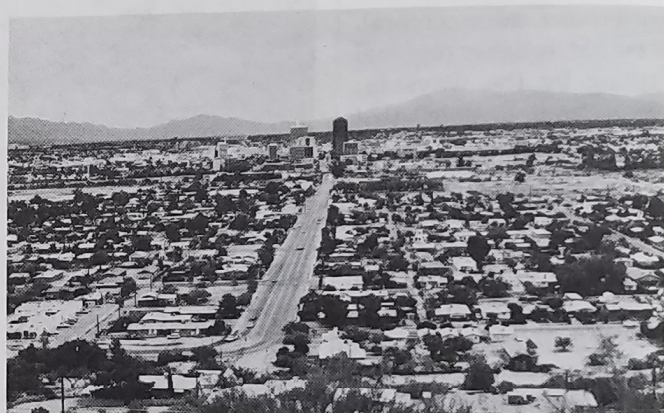
TUMAMOC HILL

The Jerusalem of Desert Rats

DAVID E. BROWN



October 21, 1923



September 23, 1987

You turn left off Anklam Road, across from St. Mary's Hospital and just past the old home of Gilbert Sykes. A small building, almost hidden in the creosote, guards the narrow macadam road. It was in this shed that Gilbert's father, Godfrey, built a boat to explore the Colorado River delta in 1911. To this day, the shed is known as "the boathouse" by the few people who know and remember.

As you wind your way up the hill, Tucson sprawls beyond the backside of Sentinel Peak. The magnificent mountain backdrop of the Catalina front range rises unabashed from a brown layer of smog. Atop the summit, called Tumamoc—Papago for "horned lizard hill"—the pavement ends. A collection of nondescript faded vehicles hems you in from the two buildings on the right. Both are constructed of malpais rock and mortar that predate World War II and the acquired haste of preform construction. The second, smaller building, is the more accessible.

Paint is peeling on the windowpanes. Above, rafters of pine poles show the ravages of termites and the homes of carpenter bees. A screen door follows behind you, closing slowly on a comfortable-sounding spring. You walk into the room and the 1930s.

All around is a disorderly array of photos, maps, posters, plants and books—especially books—perched on shelves and covering every government-gray table. Many books are open; low voices can be heard from adjoining rooms. You are intuitively aware that science is at work. It has been so since 1903.

In 1902, Professors Frederick V. Coville and Daniel T. MacDougal scoured the Southwest in search of a Desert Botanical Laboratory for the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Their travels took them from El Paso to Samalayucca, Mexico, to White Sands and Guaymas, to various California and Nevada locations, including Palm Springs and Death Valley.

The Grand Canyon was on the committee's itinerary, and of course, Tucson. The town had much to offer: a railroad, a budding university and—an important factor in those pre-air-conditioned days—the most salubrious desert climate. Most importantly, however, the city *wanted* the laboratory. The town fathers promised a hill-top desert setting, a road to the site, and even a telephone. The choice was easy. What followed was an eighty-five-year *ménage à trois* between Tucson, The Desert Laboratory, and the Desert.

Great scientists—William A. Cannon, Howard Scott Gentry, Forrest Shreve and Robert Humphrey, to name but a few, came to the laboratory to work and visit. Tumamoc Hill became an intellectual watering hole for such diverse personalities as Mary Austin and William T. Hornaday and Elsworth Huntington. Carnegie himself is said to have come to call and see the giant cactus, or saguaro, *Carnegiea Gigantea*, that the scientists named in his honor.

Unlike later investigators, these scientists came neither as missionaries to sell the desert, nor as conquistadors to exploit some economic value from its plants. Their purpose was not to "make the desert bloom," but to understand it. Many of the scientists were trained in plant physiology, but despite the name, the Desert Laboratory soon became synonymous with field research. Scientific successes begat appreciation, and in time this knowledge enabled their fellow Tucsonans to love the desert. Those who saw it differently left.

Forrest Shreve was Tumamoc's stellar personality. He not only came to understand the Southwest deserts as no man had before, he described their character so that we came to recognize them. What we know today as the Sonoran Desert is Shreve's appellation. He discovered the center of its plant life and mapped the desert's boundaries. In numerous works, he taught us most of what we know about this great biome and its wondrous plant life. That he co-founded and edited *Plant World*, the precursor of *Ecology*, while dressed in women's shoes, hose and a hairnet—well, what better example of the diversity of Tucson, the Sonoran Desert, and its foremost ecologist?

Carnegie's money dried up in 1939. Tumamoc Hill became the domain of the U.S. Forest Service's Range and Experiment Station. Another building—the one with the pine rafters—was erected. Quarries, powerlines, gas lines and communication towers nibbled away at Tumamoc's 869 acres. But the work went on.

In 1956, Tucson's Saguaro Tower was taken over by the University of Arizona's Geochronology Laboratory, and Paul Martin arrived. Ray Turner, plant ecologist for the U.S. Geological Survey, moved to Tumamoc as a guest of the University in 1976. Both are still there.

The Geochronology Laboratory was supposed to merge with the Tree-Ring Laboratory but didn't. Using radiocarbon to date fossil pollens and pack rat middens, Martin and his colleagues involved themselves with the twin phenomena of massive extinctions of large mammals and the advent of the Sonoran Desert, both taking place in the Southwest a mere

11,000 years ago. His contention that the die-off of so many large mammals and man's arrival was not an unrelated coincidence made him the shaman of a controversial, man-caused Pleistocene extinction theory. The absence until 8,000 years ago of saguaros, palo verdes and ironwoods is more puzzling for him. Such a perspective could only have evolved on Tumamoc Hill.

Ray Turner brought with him the legacy of *The Changing Mile*, a startling history of landscape changes recorded over fifty years of time-lapse photog-

raphy. He's now working at capturing the last twenty-five years of change at the same sites. In the meantime, Ray and his disciples have mapped the distribution of most Sonoran Desert plants, documented vegetational changes in the Grand Canyon, and recreated the history of the Río Santa Cruz. Like their predecessors, the affable Turner and the Lincolnesque Martin have taught us much about the ongoing process of evolution.

Today, Tucson surrounds Tumamoc, or nearly so. Martin and Turner will retire soon, and a new

cadre awaits to take their place. Both the University and the U.S. Geological Survey have a commitment to Horned Lizard Hill, but help is needed.

Tumamoc has always been *with* the University, but not *of* it, and this has served Tucson well. A foundation for endowments has been formed, and once again Tucson is being called on to invest in its roots. An annual operating cost of less than \$250,000 to support five full-time scientists and their students is certainly a small enough price to continue such a long love affair. □

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Gary Kirk

POSITION:

General Manager, *Metro Mobile*, an independent cellular and mobile telephone company.

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MOVED TO TUCSON:

1985. Left Oregon to set up and run *Metro Mobile* in Tucson.

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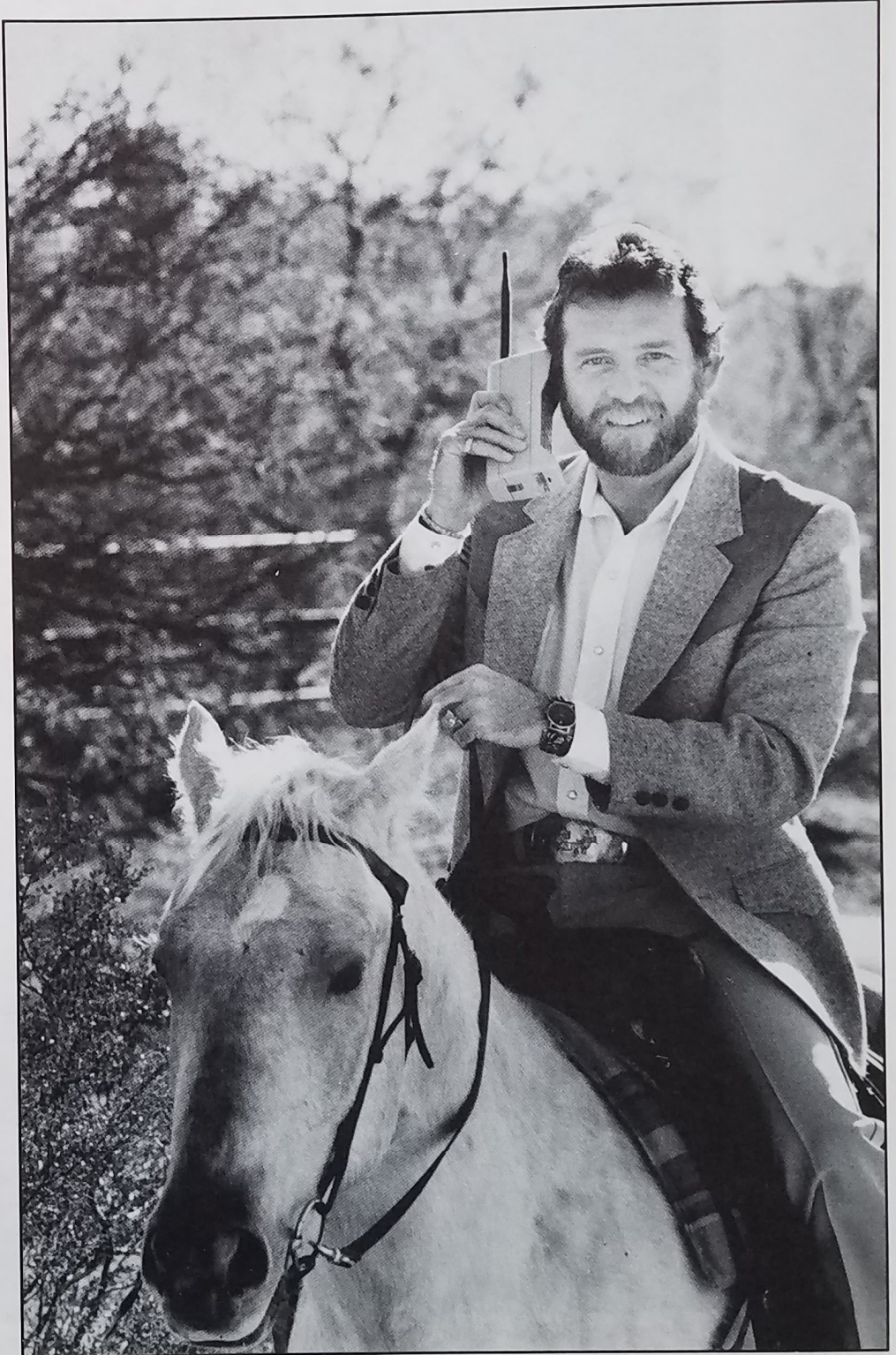
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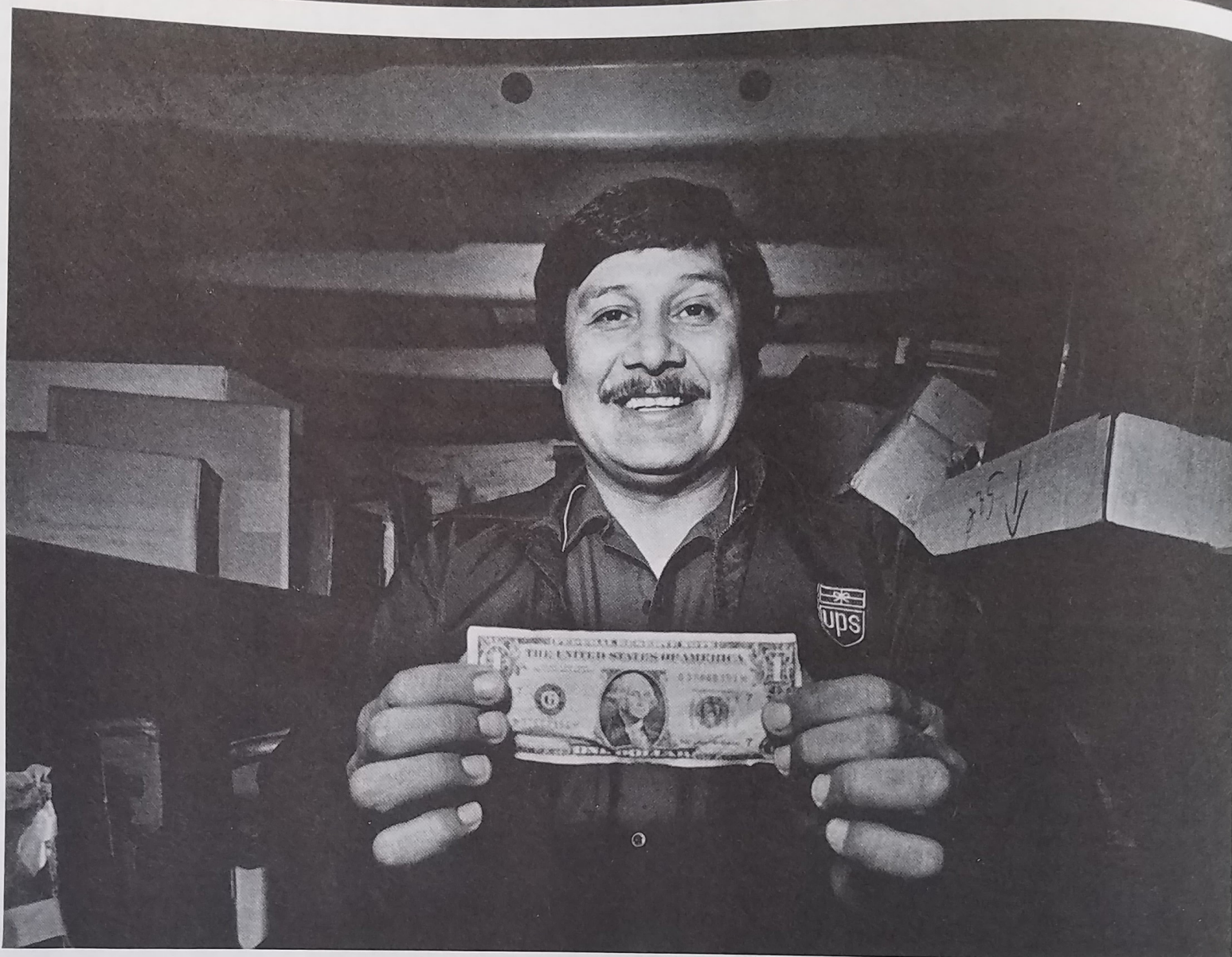
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Hal Gould

Bill Alvarez

Bill Alvarez, 35, has been a United Parcel Service driver about fourteen years. He and wife Brenda and their four daughters live in a Southside home Bill helped to build. The front yard is filled with the cars he works on in a sideline mechanic's business. While we talk late one night, after a twelve-hour UPS workday a week before Christmas, the Wildcats are on the TV and Brenda is in the kitchen making the piñatas she sells.

I've had the same route on the Northwest for about twelve years now. It's pretty neat because I'm starting to see the cycles. When I first started, older kids were graduating from high school and going away to college, things like that. And now I'm starting to see the kids come back into the circulation. They're having kids of their own, grandma's having to watch the kids while the parents work.

That's fun, to see people start their families and be a part of Tucson—you know, the old man's out there working and giving 'em hell, and sometimes the old lady has to be out there working and giving 'em hell, too. The kids are the most fascinating part. I get a chance to be out there, and it's like I'm big brother to everybody. People know me. I drive down the road in my UPS truck and eighty-five percent of the cars will wave at me. It's like Santa Claus coming.

I like the job. Sometimes it's stressful, but you

figure anytime that you're going to work for a company for, you know, a large amount of money, they're going to ask for a lot out of you. So it's not bad to give it to them.

Management says they run the tightest ship in the business, but it's the drivers who really represent the company. It seems like whenever something happens, the driver's always to blame. If something gets resolved, it's always the driver who has to do it. I go out and take care of my own problems. Once I leave the office, I'm totally in charge of that truck and the work, so I have the most fun I can with it. And to me, it's the customers who are really paying my wages.

I'm trying to retire by forty-two so UPS has helped us quite a bit. We don't live big but we live comfortable. Why forty-two? Why not? That'll be twenty years labor. Life's not getting any longer. I figure I've got other ideas, I want to do other things.

We own a farm out in Elfrida. We grow cotton, and we have a few cattle. It's just a lot of work that has to be done, and I'd like to be there. It takes patience and love for the land to make it produce, because unless you go out there and talk to the plant, it isn't gonna grow. If you show something some sort of love, it will produce for you.

Too, I've got other ideas. I'd like to start like a hunting sanctuary out there. These millionaires and these people with all this money, they're bored.

They go to Vegas and big deal, they've been there so many times. Well, you figure, you invite them out to hunt pheasant or quail or rabbit on the farm.

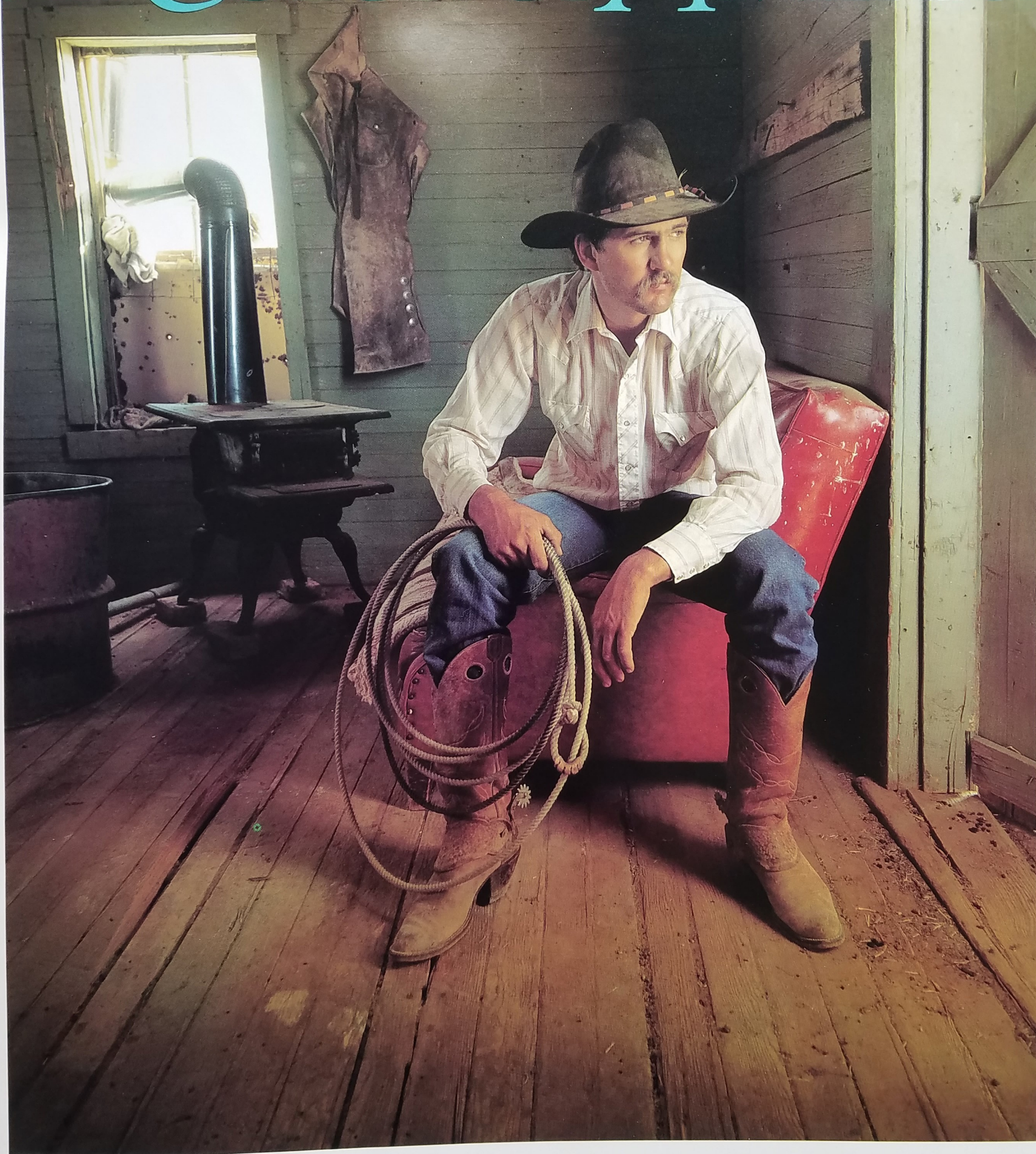
It's easy to go in and punch in and out on the clock every day and make a living. But you know, twenty-five or thirty years from now, I want to be something, I want to do something. I want people to say, 'He has a neat place,' or 'This guy worked on my car a long time ago.' I just want to be noted for something, because hell, I've had to run away from things all my life.

I was the last of fifteen kids. Poor farmers and fifteen kids; it's just not a whole bunch of real good atmosphere to grow in. When I graduated from high school, I turned seventeen that day, and the next morning I was on the airplane headed for Fort Jackson, South Carolina. I became an MP for the Army for a few years.

I describe myself as a man playing bingo. I try a little bit of everything, and one day, I'm going to hit the right number, and that's going to be the takeoff I need. I don't mind working for it. It's either that or sit around and get fatter than I already am, or drink too much.

I've always been one of these guys who keeps coming up with crazy ideas, and the support behind me from Brenda and the kids is great. Our goals are high, but if you don't have a goal, if you don't have a dream, then you don't have nothin'.

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